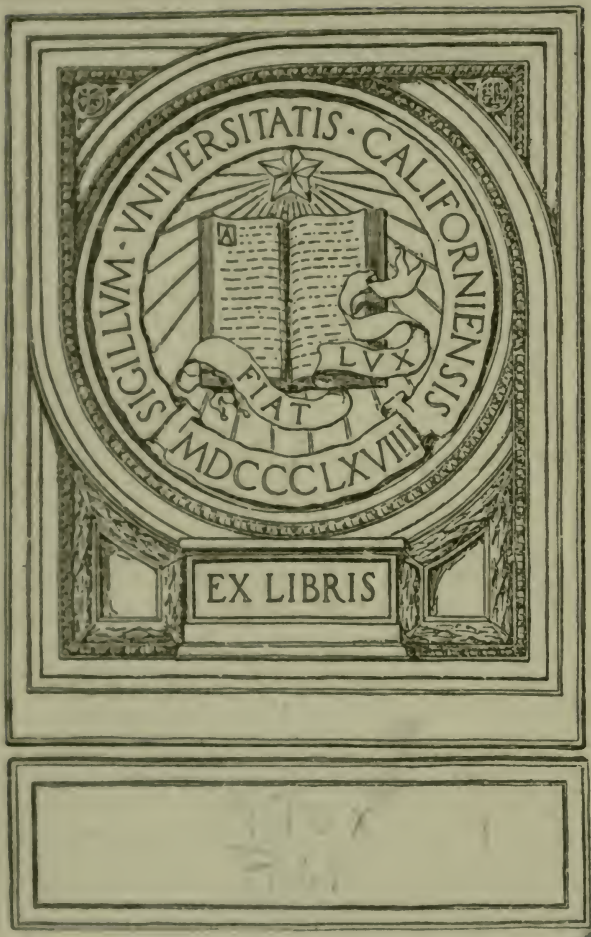

SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/fairytalesnowfir00ritsrich

Fairy Tales,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED:

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

TWO DISSERTATIONS:

1. ON PYGMIES.
2. ON FAIRIES.

BY

JOSEPH RITSON, ESQ.

—— Fairy Elves
Whose midnight revel, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

MILTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR PAYNE AND FOSS, PALL-MALL;
AND
WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY-LANE;
BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1831

LIBRARY

GENERAL

A. M. 6.
990 X
R61

CONTENTS.

	Page
Dissertation I., on Pygmies,	1
Dissertation II., on Fairies,	11

FAIRY TALES.

1. Elidor, or the golden ball,	63
2. The silver cup,	66
3. The antipodes,	68
4. The cup-bearer,	70
5. Hutgin,	72
6. The pied piper,	76
7. The shepherds dream,	79
8. Nymphidia: The Court of Fairy,	89
9. The fairy-prince,	119
10. The sow and pigs,	122
11. The changeling,	123
12. The Cornish fairies,	125
13. The white powder,	134
14. The *Mauthe Doog*,	137
15. A fairy feast,	140
16. The unfortunate fiddler,	142
17. The fairy-elf,	144
18. The kidnappers	146
19. The luck of Eden-hall,	150

PAGE

20. The mother, the nurse, and the fairy, . . 152
21. The whipping of the little girl, . . . 154
22. The christening, ... 156
23. The horn, ... 158
24. The school-boys, ... 160
25. The bargain, ... 162
26. Fairy-music, ... 164
27. The porridge-pot, ... 166
28. The Welsh fairies, ... 168
29. Kensington Garden, ... 169

FAIRY-SONGS.

1. Titanias Lullaby, by Shakspeare, . . . 191
2. Imitation, ... 192
3. Pucks night address, ... 193
4. Queen Mabs invitation, ... 195
5. Robin Good-fellow, ... 198
6. The Fairys farewell, ... 204

DISSERTATION I.

ON PYGMIES.

The existence of a little nation of diminutive people engaged in, almost, continual wars with the cranes, is an opinion of such high antiquity as to be coeval with the rudiments of the heathen mythology. Homer, who flourished 907 years before the vulgar æra, is, universally, admitted to be the earliest poet whose works remain, and, though totally blind and unable either to read or write (no written characters being known to the Greeks till many centuries after his time), he had recourse to his invention and, with a harp in his hand, went about various countries, singing and playing, as a bard or rhapsodist, and was well rewarded for his poetical effusions, which being fabulous stories, of his own composition, of gods, heroes, wars, battles, sieges, voyages, adventures and miracles, altogether incredible and impossible, and of persons, things, cities and countries, which never existed,

but in his fertile invention and ingenious fabrication, [and with] which every one who heard him was delighted; and, in process of time, four or five centuries after his death, when his countrymen, the learned Greeks, possessing admirable memories and 'having,' some how or other, got an alphabet and being made capable to read and write, these delightful and ingenious compositions of our blind bard have, fortunately, come down to the present times, in the course of 2000 years or upward. When, therefore, translations have become common in, almost, every learned language, particularly, in our own, of which we are possessed of one so excellent that it has been, happily, said:

> So much, dear POPE, thy ENGLISH Iliad charms,
> When pity melts us or when passion warms,
> That after-ages shall, with wonder, seek
> Who 'twas translated HOMER into GREEK:

we are at liberty to conceive that the account of the Pygmies, as found in the Iliad, is there given and preserved, from ancient and established tradition and, possibly, recorded in history or celebrated in epic poetry, long before the time of Homer:

> So, when inclement winters vex the plain
> With piercing frosts or thick-descending rain,

To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise and order, through the mid-way sky,
To Pygmy nations wounds and death they bring
And all the war descends upon the wing *.

Hesiod, likewise, had mentioned the Pygmies, in some work now lost, as we learn from Strabo †.

[Birds] in the spring-time, says Aristotle, betake themselves from a warm country to a cold one, out of fear of heat to come, as the cranes do, which come from the Scythian fields to the higher marshes, whence the Nile flows, in which place they are said to fight with the Pygmies. For that is not a fable, but, certainly, the genus as well of the men, as, also, of the horses is little (as it is said) and dwell in caves, whence they have received the name Troglodytes, from those coming near them ‡.

Herodotus, indeed, speaks "of a little people,

* Homers *Iliad*, B. 3, v. 3, in the lines of Pope.

+ B. 1. p. 43; B. 7, p. 299. "But, for, to Hesiod no one would object ignorance, naming Half-dogs, *Longicipites*, and Pygmies. Neither, truly, that, concerning Homer, to be wonderful, when, also, by much, of those who come after, many things both have been ignorant of and, monstrously, feigned: as Hesiod, Half-dogs, Joltheads, Pygmies."

‡ *Of the history of animals*, B. 8, c. 12. "Of the Pygmies, that is, of dwarfs, dandiprats and little men and women, the generation is alike: for, of those, also, whose members and sizes are spoiled in the womb and are, even as, pigs and mules." (Aristotle, *of the generation of animals*, B. 2, c. 8.)

under the middle stature of men 'coming' up to certain Nasamonians who were wandering in Africa and knew not the language of each other*: but does not call them Pygmies or give them any other name. Cambyses, however, as he, elsewhere, says, went into the temple of Vulcan [in Egypt] and, with much derision, ridiculed his image, forasmuch as the statue of Vulcan was very like to the Phœnician Pataicks, which they carried about in the prows of their gallies: which those who saw not, it was indicated to him to be those in the image of a Pygmean-man†.

"Middle India has black men, who are called Pygmies, using the same language as the other Indians: they are, however, very little: that the greatest do not exceed the height of two cubits and, the most part, only, of one cubit and a half. But they nourish the longest hair, hanging down unto the knees and even below: moreover, they carry a beard more at length than any other men: but, what is more,... after this promised beard is risen to them, they never after use any clothing, but send down, truly, the hairs from the back much below the knees, but draw the beard before down to the feet: afterward, when they have

* *Euterpe*, II, p. 32. † *Thalia*, III, p. 37.

covered the whole body with hairs, they bind themselves, using those in the place of a vestment. . . .They are, moreover, apes and deformed. Their sheep, however, are equal to our lambs: their oxen and asses approach to the magnitude of our rams: their horses, likewise, mules and other beasts do not outreach. Of these Pygmies, the king of the Indians, has three thousand in his train: for they are very skilful archers. They are, however, most just and use the same laws as the other Indians. They hunt hares and foxes, not with dogs, but crows, kites, rooks and eagles. There is a lake among them, having the compass of eight hundred measures, containing 625 feet each, to which, as no wind blows, oil swims above: which, truly, they draw out of the middle of it with vessels, sailing through it in little ships and use it*."

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, alludes to some old story, not now to be found:

"Another show'd, where the Pygmæan dame,
Profaning Junos venerable name,
Turn'd to an airy crane, descends from far
And, with her Pygmy subjects, wages war†."

---

* From a fragment of Ctesias, who flourished in the 337th year before the vulgar æra, in Wesselings edition of *Herodotus*, p. 828. † B. 6.

Pomponius Mela says that "More within the Arabian bay than the Panchæans were, the Pygmies, a minute race, and which ended in fighting against the cranes for planted fruits*."

According to Sir John Maundevile the "gret ryvere that men clepen *Dalay* ... gothe thorghe the lond of *Pygmans:* where that the folk ben of litylle stature, that ben but 3 span long: and thei ben right faire and gentylle, aftre here quantytees, bothe the men and the wommen. And thei maryen hem, whan thei ben half yere of age, and geten children. And thei lyven not but 6 yeer or 7 at the moste. And he that lyvethe 8 yeer, men holden him there righte passynge old. These men ben the beste worcheres of gold, sylver, cotoun, sylk, and of alle suche thinges, of ony other that be in the world. And thei han oftentymes werre with the briddes of the contree, that thei taken and eten. This litylle folk nouther labouren in londes ne in vynes. But thei han grete men amonges hem, of oure stature, that tylen the lond, and labouren amonges the vynes for hem. And of the men of oure stature, han thei als grete skorne and wondre, as we wolde have among us of geauntes, yif thei weren amonges us. There is a gode cytee, amonges othere, where there is duellinge gret

* B. 3, c. 8, p. 287.

plentee of the lytylle folk: and it is a gret cytee; and a fair; and the men ben grete, that duellen amonges hem: but whan thei geten ony children, thei ben als litylle as the Pygmeyes: and therfore thei ben alle, for the moste part, alle Pygmeyes; for the nature of the lond is suche. The grete cane let kepe this cytee fulle wel: for it is his. And alle be it, that the Pygmeyes ben lytylle, yit thei ben fulle resonable, aftre here age, and connen bothen wytt, and gode and malice, ynow*."

"At the north poynt of Lewis [one of the *Hebridés*, or Western isles] there is a little ile callit *The Pygmies ile*, with ane little kirk in it of ther own handey-wark, within this kirk the ancients of that countrey of the Lewis says, that the said Pigmies has been cirdit thair. Maney men of divers countreys has delvit upe dieplie the flure of the litle kirke and i myselve, amanges the leave and hes found in it, deepe under the erthe, certain banes and round heads of wonderfúll little quantity, allegit to be the banes of the said Pigmies, quhilk may be lykely, according to sundry historys that we reid of the Pigmies. but i leave this far of it to the ancients of Lewis†."

* *Voiage and travaile*, London, 1727, 8vo. p. 252.

† *Description of the Western isles of Scotland, by Donald Monro, high dean of the isles, who travelled through the most*

The inland parts, in some places of the coast of Coromandel, toward the hills, are covered with immense and impenetrable forests, which afford a shelter for all sort of wild beasts: but, in that which forms the inland-boundary of the Carnatic rajahs dominions, there is one singular species of creatures, of which Mr. Grose, the author of "A voyage to the East-Indies," performed, by himself, in the year 1750, (the second edition whereof was published, by the writer, at London, in 1772, in two volumes, octavo,) had heard much in India, and of the truth of which, he says, the following fact that happened sometime before his arrival there, may serve for an attestation:

Vencajee, a merchant of that country, and an inhabitant on the sea-coast, sent up to Bombay, to the then governor of it, mr. Horne, a couple of these creatures, as a present, by a coasting vessel,

of them in 1549: Edin. 1784, 12mo. p. 37. See a defence of the existence of the Pygmies, in Rosses *Arcana microcosmi*, London, 1652, p. 106. Martin, likewise, in his *Description of the Western islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 19, says, The island of Pigmies, or, as the natives call it, *The island of little men*, is but of small extent. There have been many small bones dug out of the ground here, resembling those of human kind more than any other. This, he adds, gave ground to a tradition, which the natives have of a very low-statured people living once here, called *Lusbirdan*, that is pygmies.

of which one captain Boag was the master, and the make of which, according to his description, and that of others, was as follows :

They were scarcely two feet high, walked erect, and had perfectly a human form. They were of a sallow white, without any hair, except in those parts in which it is customary for mankind to have it. By their melancholy, they seemed to have a rational sense of their captivity, and had many of the human actions. They made their bed very orderly, in the cage in which they were sent up, and, on being viewed, would endeavour to conceal, with their hands, those parts which modesty forbids manifesting. The joints of their knees were not reëntering like those of monkeys, but saliant like those of men ; a circumstance they have in common with the ouran-outangs in the eastern parts of India, in Sumatra, Java, and the Spice-islands, of which these seem to be the diminutives, though with nearer approaches of resemblance to the human species. But, though the navigation from the Carnatic coast to Bombay is of a very short run, whether the sea-air did not agree with them, or they could not brook their confinement, or captain Boag had not properly consulted their provision, the female, sickening, first died, and the male, giving all the demonstrations of grief, seemed

to take it so to heart, that he refused to eat, and, in two days after, followed her. The captain, on his return to Bombay, reporting this to the governor, was by him asked, what he had done with the bodies; he said, he had flung them over-board. Being further asked, why he did not keep them in spirits, he replied bluntly, he did not think of it. Upon this the governor wrote afresh to Vencajee, and desired him to procure another couple, at any rate, as he should grudge no expense to be master of such a curiosity. Vencajees answer was, He would very willingly oblige him, but that he was afraid it would not be in his power: that these creatures came from a forest, about seventy leagues up the country, where the inhabitants catch them on the skirts of it; but they were so exquisitely cunning and shy, that this scarcely happened once in a century.

If the above relation, concludes our author, should be true, as there is no reason to doubt it, we have here a proof, that the existence of pygmies is not entirely fabulous, as nothing can nearer approach the description of them*.

* Vol. I, page 231, &c.

DISSERTATION II.

ON FAIRIES.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE earliest mention of FAIRIES is made by Homer, if, that is, his English translator have, in this instance, done him justice :

> " Where round the bed, whence Achelöus springs,
> The wat'ry FAIRIES dance in mazy rings*."

These nymphs he supposes to frequent or reside in woods, hills, the sea, fountains, grottos, *&c.*; whence they are peculiarly called Naiads, Dryads, and Nereids :

* *Iliad*, B. 24, V. 776. The word *Fairy*, as used in our own language, is a mere blunder; the proper name of the French Fairy is *Faée* or *Fée*, or in English *Fay; Faërie*, or *Féerie*, which we apply to the person, being, in fact, the *country*, or *kingdom*, of the *Fays*, or what we call *Fairy-land*. We have committed a similar mistake in the word *barley;* which signifies, in fact, the *ley*, or *land* upon which the *bear* grows (bere, *hordeum*, leag, a ley).

" What sounds are these that gather from the shores,
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'rs,
The fair-hair'd dryads of the shady wood,
Or azure daughters of the silver flood !"
Odys. B. 6, V. 122.

The original word, indeed, is *nymphs*, which, it must be confessed, furnishes an accurate idea of the *fays (fées* or *fates)* of the ancient French and Italian romances ; wherein they are represented as females of inexpressible beauty, elegance, and every kind of personal accomplishment, united with magic, or supernatural power. Such, for instance, as the Calypso of Homer, or the Alcina of Ariosto. 'Agreeably' to this idea it is that Shakspeare makes Antony say, in allusion to Cleopatra,

" To this GREAT FAIRY I'll commend thy acts,"

meaning this grand assemblage of POWER and BEAUTY. Such, also, is the character of the ancient nymphs, spoken of by the Roman poets : as Virgil, for instance :

" *Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestes,*
Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores *."

They, likewise, occur in other passages, as well as in Horace :

* *Geor. L.* 2, *V.* 493.

" —— *gelidum nemus*
Nympharumque leves *cum* Satyris chori— * :"

and, still more frequently, in Ovid.

Not far from Rome, as we are told by Chorier, was a place formerly called *Ad Nymphas*, and, at this day, *Santa Ninfa*; which, without doubt, he adds, in the language of our ancestors, would have been called *The place of Fays* †.

The word *faée*, or *fée*, among the French, is derived, according to Du Cange, from the barbarous Latin *fadus*, or *fada*. In Italian *fata*. Gervase of Tilbury, in his *Otia imperialia* (D. 3, c. 88) speaks of " some of this kind of *larvæ*, which they named *fadæ*, we have heard to be lovers :" and, in his relation of a nocturnal contest between two knights (c. 94), he exclaims " What shall I say? I know not if it were a true *horse*, or if it were a fairy, (*fadus*), as men assert." From the *Roman de Partenay*, or *de Lezignan*, MS. Du Cange cites

" *Le chasteau fut fait d'*une fée
Si comme il est partout retrait."

Hence, he says, *faërie* for spectres :

* *Carmina*, *L.* 1, *O.* 1, *V.* 30.

† *Recherches des antiquitez de Vienne*, Lyon, 1659, p. 168.

" *Plusieurs parlant de* Guenart,
Du Lou, de l'Asne, et de Renart,
De faëries, *et de songes,*
De fantosmes, et de mensonges."

The same Gervase explains the Latin *Fata* (*fée*, French) a divining woman, an inchantress, or a witch, (D. 3, c. 88).

Master Wace, in his *Histoire des ducs de Normendie* (confounded by many with the *Roman de Rou*), describing the fountain of Berenton, in *Bretagne*, says :

" *En la forest et environ,*
Mais jo ne sais par quel raison
La scut l'en les fées *veeir,*
Se li Breton *nos dient veir, &c.*"

(In the forest and around,
I wot not by what reason found
There may a man the fairies spy,
If Britons do not tell a lie.)

but it may be difficult to conceive an accurate idea from the mere name, of the popular French *Fays* or *fairys* of the twelfth century.

In Vienne, in Dauphiny, is *Le puit des fées*, or *Fairy-well*. These *fays*, it must be confessed, have a strong resemblance to the *nymphs* of the ancients, who inhabited in caves, and fountains. Upon a

little rock, which overlooks the Rhone, are three round holes, which Nature alone has formed, although it seem, at first sight, that Art has laboured after her. They say that they were formerly frequented by Fays; that they were full of water, when it rained; and that they there, frequently, took the pleasure of the bath; than which they had not one more charming*.

Pomponius Mela, an eminent geographer, and, in point of time, far anterior to Pliny, relates, that beyond a mountain in Æthiopia, called by the Greeks the high mountain, burning, he says, with perpetual fire, is a hill spread over a long tract by extended shores, whence they rather go to see wide plains, than to behold [the habitations] of Pans and Satyrs. Hence, he adds, this opinion received faith, that, whereas, in these parts is nothing of culture, no seats of inhabitants, no footsteps; a waste solitude in the day, and a more waste silence; frequent fires shine, by night; and

* Chorier, *Recherches*, &c. Oenone, in one of Ovids epistles, says—

"Edita *de* magno flumine Nympha *fui*."

See, also, Homers *Odyssey*, B. 13; and Porphyry *De antro Nympharum*. These *watry nymphs* were, likewise, called *Naiades*, others were, *Oreades*, &c. according to the objects to which they were attached or over which they presided.

camps, as it were, are seen widely spread; cymbals and tympans sound, and sounding pipes are heard, more than human*. These invisible essences, however, are both anonymous, and nondescript.

The *penates* of the Romans, according to honest Reginald Scot, were "the domesticall gods, or rather divels, that were said to make men live quietlie within doores. But some think that *Lares* are such as trouble private houses. *Larvæ* are said to be spirits that walke onelie by night. *Vinculi terrei* are such as was Robin Good-fellowe, that would supplie the office of servants, speciallie of maides; as to make a fier in the morning, sweepe the house, grind mustard and malt, drawe water, &c., these also rumble in houses, drawe latches, go up and downe staiers, &c.†" A more modern writer says "The Latins have called" the fairies "*lares* and *larvæ*, frequenting, as they say, houses, delighting in neatness, pinching the slut, and rewarding the good housewife with money in her shoe‡." This, however, is nothing but the character of an English fairy applied to the name of a Roman *lar* or *larva*. It might have been wished, too, that Scot, a man, unquestionably, of great

* B. 3, c. 9.

† *Discoverie of witchcraft*, London, 1584, p. 521.

‡ *Pleasaunt treatise of witches*, 1673, p. 53.

learning had referred, by name, and work, and book and chapter, to those ancient authors from whom he derived his information upon the Roman *penates*, &c.

What idea our Saxon ancestors had of the Fairy, which they called ælf, a word explained by Lye as equivalent to "*lamia, larva, incubus, ephialtes;*" we are utterly at a loss to conceive.

The nymphs, the satyrs, and the fawns, are frequently noticed by the old traditional historians of the north: particularly *Saxo-grammaticus*, who has a curious story of three nymphs of the forest and Hother king of Sweden and Denmark, being apparently the originals of the weïrd, or wizard, sisters of Macbeth*. Others are preserved by Olaus Magnus, who says they had so deeply impressed into the earth, that the place they have been used to, having been (apparently) eaten up, in a circular form, with flagrant heat, never brings forth fresh grass from the dry turf. This nocturnal sport of monsters, he adds, the natives call *The dance of the elves*†.

"In John Milesius any man may reade
Of divels in Sarmatia honored,

---

* B. 3, p. 39.

† B. 3, c. 10.

Call'd *Kottri*, or *Kibaldi;* such as wee
Pugs and Hob-goblins call. Their dwellings bee
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood: and these convented,
Make fearefull noise in buttries and in dairies;
Robin Good-fellowes some, some call them fairies.
In solitarie roomes these uprores keepe,
And beat at dores to wake men from their sleepe;
Seeming to force locks, be they ne're so strong,
And keeping Christmasse gambols all night long.
Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pannês, and kettles,
They will make dance about the shelves and settles,
As if about the kitchen tost and cast,
Yet in the morning nothing found misplac't*."

Milton, a prodigious reader of romance, has, likewise, given an apt idea of the ancient fays:

"Fairer than famed of old, or fabled since
Of FAIRY DAMSELS met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, and of Liones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."

These ladies, in fact, are by no means unfrequent in those fabulous, it must be confessed, but, at the same time, ingenious and entertaining histories; as, for instance, *Melusine,* or *Merlusine,* the heroine of a very ancient romance in French verse; and who was, occasionally, turned into a serpent †; *Morgan-*

* Heywoods *Hierarchie of angells*, 1635, fo. p. 574.

† Peter Loyer says, he can no more believe the history of *Melusine* than those "olde wives tales, and idle toyes, and fictions of the *fayrie Pedagua*," &c. (*Treatise of Spectres*,

la-faée, the reputed half-sister of king Arthur, and *the lady of the lake,* so frequently noticed in sir Thomas Malorys old history of that monarch.

Le Grand is of opinion that what is called *Fairy* comes to us from the orientals, and that it is their *génies* which have produced our *fairies;* a species of nymphs, of an order superior to these women magicians, to whom they nevertheless 'gave' the same name. In Asia, he says, where the women imprisoned in the harams, prove still, beyond the general servitude, a particular slavery, the romancers have imagined the *Peris,* who flying in the air, come to soften their captivity, and render them happy*. Whether this be so, or not, it is certain that we call the *auroræ boreales,* or active clouds, in the night, *perry-dancers* †.

After all, sir William Ouseley finds it impossible

1605, fo. 19.) "Certainly," he adds, "if all the *nymphes* [or *fays*], of which I have spoken, have at any time appeared unto men, it cannot be imagined but that they must needs be spirits and divels: and the truth is, that, even at this day, it is thought, in some of the northern regions, they do yet appeare to divers persons; and the report is, that they have a care and doe diligently attend little infantes lying in the cradle; that they doe dresse and undresse them in their swathling clothes, and do performe all that which careful nurses can do unto their children."

* [*Fabliaux.* 12mo. i. 112.]

† V. Caylus, *Mem. de l'aca. des belles let.* xx.

to give an accurate idea of what the Persian poets designed by a perie; this aërial being not resembling our fairies. The strongest resemblance he can find is in the description of Milton in *Comus*. The sublime idea which Milton entertained of a fairy vision corresponds rather with that which the Persian poets have conceived of the peries:

> " Their port was more 'than' human as they stood;
> I took it for a faëry vision
> Of some gay creatures of the element
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play i'th' plighted clouds*."

It is, by no means, credible, however that Milton had any knowledge of the oriental peries; though his enthusiastic or poetical imagination might have easily peopled the air with spirits.

There are two sorts of *fays*, according to 'M. le Grand.' The one a species of nymphs or divinities; the others, more properly called sorceresses, or women instructed in magic. From time immemorial, in the abbey of Poissy, founded by St. Lewis, they said every year a mass to preserve the nuns from the power of the *fays*. When the process of the damsel of Orleans was made, the doctors demanded, for the first question, " If she had knowledge of those who went to the sab-

* D'Israelis *Romances*, p. 13.

bath with the *fays?* or if she had not assisted at the assemblies held at the fountain of the *fays*, near Domprein, around which 'dance' malignant spirits?" The journal of Paris, under Charles VI. and Charles VII. pretends that she confessed that, at the age of twenty-seven years, she frequently went, in spite of her father and mother, to a fair fountain in the country of Lorraine, which 'she' named the good fountain to the fays our lord*.

Gervase of Tilbury, in his chapter "Of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*," says "there are, likewise, others, whom the vulgar name *Follets*, who inhabit the houses of the simple rustics, and can be driven away neither by holy-water, nor exorcisms; and because they are not seen, they afflict those who are entering with stones, billets, and domestic furniture; whose words, for certain, are heard in the human manner, and their forms do not appear†." He is speaking of England.

This *Follet* seems to resemble our *Puck*, or *Robin Good-fellow*, whose pranks are recorded in an old song, and who was sometimes useful, and sometimes mischievous. Whether or not he were the fairy-spirit of whom Milton

* [Ib. p. 75.]

† *Otia imperialia*, D. 1, c. 18.

" Tells how the drudging *goblin* swet,
To ern his cream-bowle duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down, the lubbar fend;
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings*,"

is a matter of some difficulty. Perhaps the giant-son of the witch, that had the devils mark about her, (of whom " there is a pretty tale"), that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*†, was a very different personage from *Robin Good-fellow*, whom, however, he in some respects appears to resemble. A near female relation of the compiler, who was born and brought up in a small village in the bishopric of Durham, related to him many years ago several circumstances which confirmed the exactitude of Miltons description; she, particularly, told of his thrashing the corn, *churning* the butter, drinking

* *L'allegro.*

† Beaumont and Fletchers *Knight of the burning pestle*, A. 3, S. 1. A female fairy, in *Midsummer nights dream* says to Robin Good-fellow: " Farewell, thou *lob* of spirits."

the milk, &c. and, when all was done, "lying before the fire *like a great rough hurgin bear**."

In another chapter Gervase says, "As, among men, Nature produces certain wonderful things, so spirits, in airy bodies, who assume, by divine permission the mocks they make. For, behold, England has certain dæmons (dæmons, I call them, though I know not but I should say secret forms of unknown generation), whom the French call *Neptunes*, the English *Portunes*. With these it is natural that they take advantage of the simplicity of fortunate peasants†; and when, by reason of their domestic labours, they perform their nocturnal vigils, of a sudden, the doors being shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and eat little frogs, cast out of their bosoms, and put upon the burning coals; with an antiquated countenance; a wrinkled face; diminutive in stature, not having [in length] half a thumb. They are clothed with rags patched together; and, if any thing should be to be carried on in the house, or any kind of laborious work to be done, they join themselves to the work, and expedite it with more than human facility. It is natural to these, that they may be

* See the tale of the *Maath doog*.

† It should rather be *unfortunate*.

obsequious, and may not be hurtful. But one little mode, as it were, they have of hurting. For when, among the ambiguous shades of night, the English, occasionally ride alone, the *Portune*, sometimes, unseen, couples himself to the rider*; and, when he has accompanied him, going on, a very long time, at length, the bridle being seized, he leads him up to the hand in the mud, in which while, infixed, he wallows, the *Portune*, departing, sets up a laugh; and so, in this kind of way, derides human simplicity†."

This spirit seems to have some resemblance to the *Picktree-brag* ‡, a mischievous barguest that used to haunt that part of the country, in the shape of different animals, particularly of a little galloway; in which shape a farmer, still or lately living thereabout, reported that it had come to him one night as he was going home; that he got upon it, and rode very quietly till it came to a great pond, to which it ran and threw him in, AND WENT LAUGHING AWAY.

* That is, gets up behind him.

† *Otia imperialia*, D. 3, c. 61.

‡ Picktree, in the bishopric of Durham, is a small collection of huts, erected for the colliers, about two miles to the north-east of Chester.

He further says, there is, in England, a certain species of demons, which in their language they call *Grant,* like a one-year-old foal, with straight legs, and sparkling eyes. This kind of demons very often appears in the streets, in the very heat of the day, or about sun-set; and as often as it makes its appearance, portends that there is about to be a fire in that city or town. When, therefore, in the following day or night, the danger is urgent, in the streets, running to and fro, it provokes the dogs to bark, and, while it pretends flight, invites them, following, to pursue, in the vain hope of overtaking it. This kind of illusion creates caution to the watchmen who have the custody of fire, and so the officious race of demons, while they terrify the beholders, are wont to secure the ignorant by their arrival*.

Gower, in his tale of Narcissus, professedly from Ovid, says

> " —— As he cast his loke
> Into the well, ——
> He sawe the like of his visage,
> And wende there were an *ymage*
> Of suche a *nymphe*, as tho was *faye* †."

---

* Gervase, D. 3, c. 62.

† *Confessio amantis*, fo. 20, b.

In his *legend of Constance* is this passage :

> " Thy wife which is of *fairie*
> Of suche a childe delivered is,
> Fro kinde, whiche stante all amis*."

In another part of his book, is a story " Howe the kynge of Armenis daughter mette on a tyme a companie of the *fairy*." These " ladies," ride aside " on fayre [white] ambulende horses," clad, very magnificently, but all alike, in white and blue, and wore " corownes on their heades :" but they are not called *fays* in the poem, nor does the word *fay* or *fairie* once occur therein.

The fairies or elves of the British isles are peculiar to this part of the world, and are not, so far as literary information or oral tradition enables us to judge, to be found in any other country. For this fact the authority of father Chaucer will be decisive, till we acquire evidence of equal antiquity in favour of other nations :

> " In olde dayes of the king Artour,
> Of which the Bretons speken gret honour,
> ALL WAS THIS LOND FULFILLED OF FAERIE ;
> The ELF-QUENE, with hire joly compagnie,

---

* *Ibi.* fo. 32, b. These are the first instances *faye* or *fairie* is mentioned in English ; but the whole of Gowers work is suspected to be made up of licentious translations from the Latin or French.

Danced ful oft in many a grene mede*.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non ELVES mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land, and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sunnebeme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles highe and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no FAERIES."

The fairy may be defined as a species of being partly material, partly spiritual; with a power to change its appearance, and be, to mankind, visible or invisible, according to its pleasure. In the old song printed by Peck, Robin Good-fellow, a well-known fairy, professes that he had played his pranks from the time of Merlin, who was the contemporary of Arthur.

Chaucer uses the word *faërie* as well for the *individual,* as for the *country* or *system,* or what we should now call *fairy-land,* or *fairyism.* He knew nothing, it would seem of *Oberon, Titania,* or *Mab,* but speaks of

"PLUTO, that is THE KING OF FAERIE,
And many a ladie in his compagnie,
Folwing his WIF, THE QUENE PROSERPINA, &c."

* *Wif of Bathes tale.*

(*The marchantes tale,* l. 10101.) From this passage of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt "cannot help thinking that his *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania.*"

In the progress of *The wif of Bathes tale,* it happed the knight

> "—— in his way.... to ride
> In all his care, under a forest side,
> Whereas he saw upon a dance go
> Of ladies foure-and-twenty, and yet mo.
> Toward this ilke dance he drow ful yerne,
> In hope that he som wisdom shulde lerne,
> But, certainly, er he came fully there,
> Yvanished was this dance, he wiste not wher."

These *ladies* appear to have been *fairies,* though nothing is insinuated of their size. Milton seems to have been upon the prowl here for his "forest-side."

In *A midsummer-nights dream,* a fairy addresses Bottom the weaver

> "Hail, *mortal,* hail!"

which sufficiently shows she was not so herself.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, in the same play, calls Oberon,

> "—— king of *shadows*"—

and in the old song, just mentioned,

"The king of *ghosts* and *shadows*:"

and this mighty monarch asserts of himself, and his subjects,

"But WE are SPIRITS of another sort."

The fairies, as we already see, were male and female; but, it is not equally clear that they procreated children.

Their government was monarchical, and Oberon the king of Fairy-land, must have been a sovereign of very extensive territory. The name of his queen was Titania, both are mentioned by Shakspeare, being personages of no little importance in the above play: where they in an ill-humour, thus encounter:

"*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud TITANIA.
Tita. What, jealous OBERON? Fairy skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company."

That the name [OBERON] was not the invention of our great dramatist is sufficiently proved. The allegorical Spenser gives it to king Henry the eighth. Robert Greene was the author of a play entitled "The Scottishe history of James the fourthe...intermixed with a pleasant comedie presented by *Oberon king of the fairies*." He is, like-

wise, a character in the old French romances of *Huon de Bourdeaux,* and *Ogier le Danois;* and there even seems to be one upon his own exploits: "*Roman d'Auberon.*" What authority, however, Shakspeare had for the name TITANIA, it does not appear, nor is she so called by any other writer. He himself, at the same time, as well as many others, gives to the queen of fairies the name of MAB, though no one, except Drayton, mentions her as the wife of OBERON:

"O then, I see, queen MAB hath been with you,
She is the fairys midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spiders web;
The collars, of the moonshines wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of crickets bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairys coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love.—
——————— This is that very MAB,

That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes*."

Ben Jonson, in his "Entertainment of the queen and prince at Althrope," in 1603, describes to come "tripping up the lawn a bevy of fairies attending on MAB their queen, who falling into an artificial ring that was there cut in the path, began to dance around†."

In the same masque the queen is thus characterised by a satyr:

"This is MAB, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can hurt or help the churning,
(As she please) without discerning.
She that pinches country-wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches‡,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers;

---

* *Romeo and Juliet.*

† *Works*, V, 201.

‡ Thus, too, Shakspeare, in *The M. W. of W.*

"Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery."

But, if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.
This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles;
Trains forth midwives in their slumber,
With a sieve the holes to number;
And thus leads them from her boroughs,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.
She can start our franklin's daughters,
In 'their' sleep, with shrieks and laughters,
And on sweet St. 'Agnes' night,
Feed them with a promis'd sight,

Milton, likewise, gives her the same name:

"With stories told of many a feat,
How FAERY MAB the junkets eat."

So, too, Jonson, in the above entertainment:

"Fairies, pinch him black and blue,
Now you have him, make him true."

And, in Miltons *Allegro:*

"She was pincht, and pull'd she sed."

Again, in the same play:

"Where's Pead?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers say'd,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins."

Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

Fairies, they tell you, have frequently been heard and seen, nay that there are some living who were stolen away by them, and confined seven years. According to the description they give who pretend to have seen them, they are in the shape of men, exceeding little. They are always clad in green, and frequent the woods and fields; when they make cakes (which is a work they have been often heard at) they are very noisy; and when they have done, they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moonlight when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them, as may be observed on the following morn; their dancing places being very distinguishable. For as they dance hand in hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass *.

These circles are thus described by Browne, the author of *Britannias pastorals:*

—— "A pleasant meade,
Where fairies often did their measures treade,

* Bournes *Antiquitates vulgares*, Newcastle, 1725, 8vo. p. 82.

Which in the meadow made such circles greene,
As if with garlands it had crowned beene.
Within one of these rounds was to be seene
A hillock rise, where oft the fairie queene
At twy-light sate, and did command her elves,
To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves:
And further, if by maidens over-sight,
Within doores water were not brought at night,
Or if they spred no table, set no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head;
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the water-pail bad leave a ring."

The same poet, in his "Shepheards pipe," having inserted Hoccleves tale of *Jonathas*, and conceiving a strange unnatural affection for that stupid fellow, describes him as a great favourite of the fairies, alleging, that

"Many times he hath been seene
With the fairies on the greene,
And to them his pipe did sound,
While they danced in a round,
Mickle solace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him
And convey him from his roome,
To a field of yellow broome;
Or into the medowes, where
Mints perfume the gentle aire,
And where Flora shends her treasure,
There they would begin their measure.
If it chanc'd nights sable shrowds
Muffled Cynthia up in clowds;

Safely home they then would see him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him."

The fairies were exceedingly diminutive, but, it must be confessed, we shall not readily find their actual dimensions. They were small enough, however, if we may believe one of queen Titanias maids of honour, to conceal themselves in acorn shells; speaking of a difference between the king and queen, she says:

"But they do square; that all their elves for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and *hide them there*."

They, uniformly, and constantly, wore *green* vests, unless when they had some reason for changing their dress. Of this circumstance we meet with many proofs: Thus in *The merry wives of windsor:*

"Like urchins, ouphes, and *fairies* green*."

In fact, we meet with them of all colours: as in the same play:

"Fairies black, grey, *green*, and white."

---

* In the same play is this line

"You *orphan*-heirs of fixed destiny,"

for which Warburton proposes to read "*ouphen*-heirs."

That *white,* on some occasions, was the dress of a female, we learn from Reginald Scot*. He gives a charm "to go invisible, by [means of] these three sisters of fairies," *Milia, Achilia, Sibylia:* "I charge you that you doo appeare before me visible, in forme and shape of faire women, in *white* vestures, and to bring with you to me the ring of invisibilitie, by the which I may go invisible, at mine owne will and pleasure, and that in all hours and minutes."

It was fatal, if we may believe Shakspeare, to speak to a fairy: Falstaff, in *The merry wives of windsor,* is made to say, "They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall dye."

They were accustomed to enrich their favourites; as we learn from the clown in *A winters tale:* "It was told me I should be rich by the fairies." They delighted in neatness, could not endure sluts and even hated fibsters, tell-tales, and divulgers of secrets, whom they would slily and severely bepinch, when they little expected it. They were as generous and benevolent, on the contrary, to young women of a different description, procuring them the sweetest sleep, the pleasantest

* P. 408.

dreams, and, on their departure, in the morning, always slipping a tester in their shoe.

They are supposed by some to have been malignant, but this, it may be, was mere calumny, as being utterly inconsistent with their general character, which was singularly innocent and amiable. Imogen, in Shakspeares *Cymbeline*, prays, on going to sleep,

> "From *fairies*, and the tempters of the night,
> Guard me beseech you."

It must have been the *Incubus* she was so afraid of. Old Gervase of Tilbury, in the twelfth century, says, in a more modest language than English: "*Vidimus quosdam* dæmones *tanto zelo mulieres amare quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt mirâ mole eas opprimunt, nec ab aliis videntur**."

Hamlet, too, notices this imputed malignity of the fairies:

> "—— Then no planets strike,
> No FAIRY takes, nor witch has power to charm."

Thus, also, in *The comedy of errors*:

> "A fiend, A FAIRY, pitiless and rough.

---

* *Otia imperialia*, D. 1, c. 17. This is what is now called *the night-mare*.

They were amazingly expeditious in their journies: Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, answers Oberon, who was about to send him on a secret expedition:

> "I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes."

Again, the same goblin addresses him thus:

> "Fairy king, attend and mark,
> I do hear the morning lark.
> *Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,
> Trip we after the nights shade,
> We the globe can compass soon,
> Swifter than the wand'ring moon."

In another place Puck says:

> "My fairy lord this must be done in haste;
> For Nights swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
> And yonder shines Auroras harbinger;
> At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
> Troop home to church-yards, *&c.*"

To which Oberon replies:

> "But we are spirits of another sort:
> I with the mornings love have oft made sport;
> And, like a forester, the groves may tread.
> Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

Compare, likewise, what Robin himself says on this subject in the old song of his exploits.

They never ate :

> " But that it eats our victuals, I should think,
> Here were a fairy,"

says Belarius at the first sight of Imogen, as Fidele*.

They were humanely attentive to the youthful-dead. Thus Guiderius at the funeral of the above lady :

> " With FEMALE FAIRIES will his tomb be haunted."

Or, as in the pathetic dirge of Collins on the same occasion :

> " No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
> No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
> The FEMALE FAYS shall haunt the green,
> And dress thy grave with pearly dew."

This amiable quality is, likewise, thus beautifully alluded to by the same poet :

> " By FAIRY HANDS their knell is rung,
> By FORMS UNSEEN their dirge is sung."

---

* They, nevertheless, sometimes haunted the buttery : " Have you nothing to do [quoth the *widow* to her husband *Jack*, after she had, by a trick, got him to the wrong side of the door, and locked him out] but dance about the street at this time of night, and, like *a spirit of the buttery* hunt after crickets ?" (*Jack of Newbury.*)

Their employment is thus charmingly represented by Shakspeare, in the address of Prospero:

" Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye, that on the sands, with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make*,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew"——

In *The midsummer nights dream,* the queen, Titania, being desirous to take a nap, says to her female attendants:

" Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rosebuds;
Some, war with rear-mice, for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders,
At our quaint spirits†: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest."

Milton gives a most beautiful and accurate description of the little green-coats of his native soil, than which nothing can be more happily or justly expressed: he had certainly seen them, in this situation, with " the poets eye:"

* Thus, also, in *The merry wives of windsor:*
" You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night."

† Sports.

" —— fairie elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon,
Sits arbitress, and neerer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they, on thir mirth and dance
Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds *."

The impression they had made upon his imagination in early life appears from his " Vacation exercise," at the age of nineteen :

" Good luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,
The FAIERY LADIES daunc't upon the hearth;
The drowsie nurse hath sworn she did them spie,
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head."

L'abbé Bourdelon, in his " Ridiculous extravagances of M. Oufle," describes " The fairies, of which," he says, " grandmothers and nurses tell so many tales to children; these fairies," adds he, " I mean, who are affirmed to be blind at home, and very clear-sighted abroad; who dance in the moonshine, when they have nothing else to do; who steal shepherds and children, to carry them up to their caves, &c.†"

* *Paradise lost*, B. 1.

† English translation, p. 190. He cites, in a note, that

The fairies have already called themselves *spirits, ghosts,* or *shadows,* and, consequently, THEY NEVER DIED; a position, at the same time, of which there is every kind of proof that a fact can require. The reviser of Johnson and Steevens's edition of *Shakspeare,* in 1785, crows not a little, upon his dunghill, at having been able to turn the tables upon his adversary, by a ridiculous reference to the allegories of Spenser, and a palpably false one to Tickells "Kensington-gardens," which he affirms, 'will shew that the opinion of Fairies dying prevailed in the present century,' whereas, in fact, 'it' is found, on the slightest glance into the poem, to maintain the direct reverse:

"Mean-while sad Kenna, loath to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? THE FATES ALIKE DENY
THE DEAD TO LIVE, or FAIRY FORMS TO DIE."

Cornelius van Kempen assures us, that, in the reign of the emperor Lotharius, about the year 830, there appeared in Friesland a great number of fairies, who took up their residence in caves, or on the tops of hills, and mountains, whence they descended in the night, to steal away the shepherds from their flocks, snatch away children out of their cradles, and carry both away to their caves: referring to Bekkers *World bewitched,* p. 1, 290. These fairies only agree with ours in their fondness for children.

Ashamed, however, of the public detection of his falsehood, he meanly omitted it in the next edition, without having a single word to allege in his defence: though he had still the confidence to represent it as "a misfortune to the commentators of Shakspeare, that so much of their [invaluable] time is obliged [for the sake of money] to be employed in explaining [by absurdity] and contradicting [by falsehood] unfounded conjectures and assertions;" which, in fact, (unfounded if they were, as is by no means true), though he was hardy enough to contradict, he was unable to explain, and did not, in reality, understand, contenting himself with an extract altogether foreign to the purpose, at second hand.

The fact, after all, is so positively proved, that no editor, or commentator, of Shakspeare, present or future, will ever have the folly or impudence to assert "that in Shakspeare's time the notion of fairies dying was generally known."

Ariosto informs us (in Haringtons translation, b. 10, s. 47) that

——"(either auncient folke believ'd a lie,
Or this is true) A FAYRIE CANNOT DIE:"

and, again (b. 43, s. 92):

"I AM a FAYRIE, and, to make you know,
To be a fayrie what it doth import,

> We cannot dye, how old so ear we grow.
> Of paines and harmes of ev'rie other sort
> We tast, onelie no death we nature ow."

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The faithful shepherdess,* describe

> " A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
> The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
> By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
> Their stolen children, so to make 'em free
> From dying flesh, and dull mortality."

Puck, *alias* Robin Good-fellow, is the most active and extraordinary fellow of a fairy that we anywhere meet with; and it is believed we find him no where but in our own country, and, peradventure also, only in the south. Spenser, it would seem, is the first that alludes to his name of Puck:

> " Ne let the *Pouke*, nor other evill spright,
> Ne let Hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not*."

" In our childhood," says Reginald Scot, " our mothers maids have so terrified us with an oughe divell, having hornes on his head, fier in his mouth, and a taile in his breech, eies like a bason, fanges like a dog, clawes like a beare, a skin like a niger, and a voice roaring like a lion, where-

* Epithalamium.

by we start, and are afraid when we heare one crie Bough! and they have so fraied us with bull-beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, sylens, Kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changling, *Incubus*, ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell wain, the fier drake, the puckle*, Tom Thombe, Hob gobblin †, Tom Tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes ‡." "And know you this by the waie," he says, "that heretofore Robin Good-fellow, and Hob goblin, were as terrible, and also as credible to the people, as hags and witches be now... And in truth, they that mainteine walking spirits have no reason to denie Robin Good-fellow, upon whom there hath gone as manie, and as credible, tales, as upon witches; saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Good-fellow §."

"Your grandams maides," he says, "were woont

* Perhaps a typographical error for Pucke.

† Not, as mr. Tyrwhitt has supposed, *Hop goblin*, *Hob* being a well-known diminutive of *Robin*; and even this learned gentleman seems to have forgotten a still more notorious character of his own time,—Hob *in the well*.

‡ *Discoverie of witchcraft*, London, 1584, 4to. p. 153.

§ P. 131.

to set a boll of milke before '*Incubus*,' and his cousine Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good-wife of the house, having compassion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here?

Hemton hamten,
Here will I never more tread nor stampen*."

Robin is thus characterised, in the *Midsummer nights dream*, by a female fairy:

" Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Good-fellow; are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery,
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear ne barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.
Those that Hob-goblin call you and sweet Puck†,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

To these questions Robin thus replies:

——" Thou speak'st aright,
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

---

* *Discoverie of witchcraft*, p. 85.

† *Puck*, in fact.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat, and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossips bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'rails or' cries *, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips and lough,

---

* This is Warburtons reading, which has, surely, more sense than the, apparently, corrupted reading of the old and new editions, "*tailor* cries," which doctor Johnson, miserably, attempts to defend by asserting, that "the trick of the fairy is represented as producing rather merriment than anger."—Had, however, the worthy doctor ever chanced to fall by the removal from under him, of a three-foot stool, it is very doubtful whether he himself would have expressed much pleasure on feeling the pain of the fall, and finding himself the laughing-stock of the whole company. He would have been more ready, like the frogs in the fable, to exclaim "This may be *sport* to you, but it is *death* to me." The old woman had reason both to *rail* and *cry*, as she would naturally suspect the stool had been plucked from under her just as she was going to sit down; than which there cannot well be a more disagreeable accident, as the incredulous reader who doubts the fact, may be easily convinced of, by trying the experiment.

And 'yexen' * in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

His usual exclamation in this play, is *Ho, ho, ho!*

"*Ho, ho, ho!* Coward why com'st thou not †."

So in *Grim the collier of Croydon:*

"*Ho, ho, ho,* my masters! No good fellowship!
Is Robin Good-fellow a bug-bear grown,
That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?"

In the song printed by Peck, he concludes every stanza with *Ho, ho, ho!*

"If that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier ‡, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt-to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peter-penny, or an housle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits, &c."

* *Yexen* is to *hiccup;* a much better reading than *waxen.* It was originally suggested by doctor Farmer, but never adopted.

† It is officiously altered, in the last edition, to *Ho, ho! ho, ho!*

‡ Frier Rush.

This frolicksome spirit thus describes himself in Jonsons masque of *Love restored:* "Robin Good-fellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country-maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles; one that has conversed with your court-spirits ere now." Having recounted several ineffectual attempts he had made to gain admittance, he adds: "In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my *broom,* and my *canles,* and came on confidently." The mention of his *broom* reminds us of a passage in another play, *Midsummer nights dream,* where he tells the audience,

> "I am sent with *broom* before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door."

He is likewise one of the *dramatis personæ* in the old play of *Wily beguiled,* in which he says "Tush! fear not the dodge: I'll rather put on my flashing red nose, and my flaming face and come wrap'd in a calf-skin, and cry *bo, bo:* I'll pay the scholar I warrant thee *." His character,

* Harsnets *Declaration,* London, 1604, 4to.

however, in this piece, is so diabolical, and so different from any thing one could expect in Robin Good-fellow, that it is unworthy of further quotation.

He appears, likewise, in another, intitled *Grim, the collier of Croydon,* in which he enters "in a suit of leather close to his body; his face and hands coloured russet colour, with a 'flail.'"

He is here, too, in most respects, the same strange and diabolical personage that he is represented in *Wily beguiled;* only there is a single passage which reminds us of his old habits:

"When as I list in this transform'd disguise,
I 'll fright the country people as I pass;
And sometimes turn me to some other form,
And so delude them with fantastic shews.
But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night."

In another scene he enters, while some of the other characters are at a bowl of cream, upon which he says,

"I love a mess of cream as well as they,
I think it were best I stept in and made one:
Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship?
Is Robin Good-fellow a bug-bear grown,
That he is not worthy to be bid sit down."

There is, indeed, something characteristic in this passage, but all the rest is totally foreign.

Doctor Percy, bishop of Dromore, has reprinted in his *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, a very curious and excellent old ballad, originally published by Peck, who attributes it, but with no similitude, to Ben Jonson; in which Robin Goodfellow relates his exploits, with singular humour. To one of these copies, he says, "were prefixed two wooden cuts which seem to represent the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited upon the stage." In this conjecture, however, the learned and ingenious editor was most egregiously mistaken: these cuts being manifestly printed from the identical blocks made use of by Bulwer in his "Artificial changeling," printed in 1615; the first being intended for one of the black and white gallants of Seale-bay, adorned with the moon, stars, *&c.* the other a hairy savage. After this discovery, originally made by the present compiler, the right reverend prelate changes his tone, but cannot prevail upon himself to part entirely with the dear illusion. Having mentioned that these two wooden cuts are "said to be taken from Bulwers Artificial changeling, *&c.* [a book, by the way, of easy access, and,

probably enough in his lordships own possession,] which, as they SEEM to correspond [" Seems! I know not seems"] with the notions then entertained of the whimsical appearances, of this fantastic spirit, and PERHAPS were copied in the dresses in which he was formerly exhibited on the stage, are, to gratify the CURIOUS [with an imposture] engraven below." Nothing, surely was ever more ridiculous and contemptible; we know by these extracts how " he was formerly exhibited upon the stage," and that it was not like a *Sealebay gallant* or *hairy savage;* and moreover, that these blocks, manifestly engraved for Bulwers work, in which are many others of the same kind, were calculated merely to give an idea of some barbarous nations in foreign parts, and could not, possibly, have the most slight or distant allusion to the English stage. How, therefore, durst this learned but pertinacious prelate, (as, whatever he was when he first published his book, he is now, when he has given a new edition with alterations and additions,) affirm that " ALL CONFIDENCE [had] BEEN DESTROYED" by the inadvertent transposition of *two syllables,* and the omission of *a note of interrogation;* and that only in the preface to a book, in which the passage occurs, ACCU-

RATELY PRINTED; which passage, by the way he himself "being quoting," as he pretends "from memory," (though he is not willing to allow a similar apology to any one else, in the same case,) had already corrupted, "the better," in his own words, "to favour a position" that *Maggy Lawder* is an "old song."

Burton, speaking of fairies, says that "a bigger kind there is of them, called with Hobgoblins, and Robin Good-fellowes, that would in those superstitious times, grinde corne for a messe of milke, cut wood, or do any kind of drudgery worke." Afterward, of the dæmons that mislead men in the night, he says, "We commonly call them Pucks *."

Cartwright, in *The ordinary,* introduces *Moth,* repeating this curious charm:

"Saint Francis, and Saint Benedight,
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare, and the goblin
That is hight GOOD-FELLOW ROBIN;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
FAIRIES, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
From curfew-time,
To the next prime†."

---

* *Anatomy of melancholie.*

† Act 3, scene 1.

This Puck, or Robin Good-fellow, seems, likewise, to be the illusory candle-holder, so fatal to travellers, and who is more usually called *Jack-a-lantern*, or *Will-with-a-wisp*; and, as it would seem from a passage elsewhere cited from Scot "*Kit with the canstick.*" Thus a fairy, in a passage of Shakspeare, already quoted, asks Robin,

> "—— Are you not he
> That fright the maidens of the villagery,
> Mislead night-wanderers laughing at their harm?"

Milton alludes to this deceptive gleam in the following lines:

> "—— A wandering fire,
> Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
> Condenses, and the cold environs round,
> Kindled through agitation to a flame,
> Which oft, they say, some EVIL SPIRIT attends,
> Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
> Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
> To bogs, and mires, and oft through pond and pool*."

He elsewhere calls him "the friers lantern†."

* *Paradise lost*, B. 9. This great poet is frequently content to pilfer a happy expression from Shakspeare.—On this occasion "*night-wanderer*," on a former "*the eastern-gate*."

† *L'allegro*:

> "And by the *friers lantern* led."

This facetious spirit only misleads the benighted traveller (generally an honest farmer, in his way from the market, in a state of intoxication) for the jokes sake; as one, very seldom, if ever, hears any of his deluded followers (who take it to be the torch of Hero in some hospitable mansion, affording "provision for man and horse") perishing in these ponds or pools, through which they dance or plunge after him so merrily.

"There go as manie tales," says Reginald Scot, "upon Hudgin, in some parts of Germanie, as there did in England of Robin Good-fellow.... Frier Rush was for all the world such another fellow as this Hudgin, and brought up even in the same schoole; to wit, in a kitchen: insomuch as the selfe-same tale is written of the one as of the other, concerning the skullian, who is said to have beene slaine, *&c.* for the reading whereof I referre you to frier Rush his storie, or else to John Wierus, *De præstigiis dæmonum**."

In the old play of *Gammer Gurtons needle*, printed in 1575, Hodge, describing a "great black devil,"

* *Discoverie of witchcraft*, p. 521. *The historie of frier Rushe*, a common stall, or chap, book, in the time of queen Elizabeth, and even down to the fire of London; since which event it has never been met with. The story of Hudgin will be found among the Tales.

which had been raised by Diccon the bedlam, and, being asked by Gammer,

——"But, Hodge, had he no horns to push?"

replies:

"As long as your two arms. Saw ye never FRYER RUSHE,
Painted on a cloth, with a side-long cowes tayle,
And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle.
For al the world (if I schuld judg) chould reckon him his brother;
Loke even what face frier Rush had, the devil had such another."

The fairies frequented many parts of the bishopric of Durham. There is a hillock, or *tumulus,* near Bishopton, and a large hill near Billingham, both which used, in former time, to be "haunted by fairies." Even *Ferry-hill,* a well-known stage between Darlington and Durham, is evidently a corruption of *Fairy-hill.* When seen, by accident or favour, they are described as of the smallest size, and uniformly habited in green. They could, however, occasionally, assume a different size and appearance; as a woman, who had been admitted into their society, challenged one of the guests, whom she espied, in the market, selling fairy-butter *. This freedom was deeply resented,

* This is well known, and frequently found on old trees, gate-posts, &c.

and cost her the eye she first saw him with. Mr. Brand mentions his having met with a *man*, who said he had seen *one* that had seen *fairies*. Truth, he adds, is to come at, in most cases; none he believes ever came nearer to it, in this, than he has done. However that may be, the present editor cannot pretend to have been more fortunate. His informant related that an acquaintance, in Westmoreland, having a great desire, and praying earnestly to see a fairy, was told, by a friend, if not a fairy in disguise, that on the side of such a hill, at such a time of day, he should have a sight of one; and, accordingly, at the time and place appointed, "the hob goblin," in his own words, "stood before him in the likeness of a green-coat lad;" but, in the same instant, the spectators eye glancing, vanished into the hill. This, he said, the man told him.

The streets of Newcastle, says Mr. Brand, "were formerly (so vulgar tradition has it) haunted by a nightly *guest*, which appeared in the shape of a mastiff dog, *&c.* and terrified such as were afraid of shadows. I have heard," he adds, "when a boy, many stories concerning it." It is to be lamented that, as this gentleman was endeavouring to illustrate a very dull book, on this and similar subjects, he did not think it worth his while to make it a

little more interesting, or, at least, amusing, by a few of these pleasant tales.

The no less famous *barguest* * of Durham, and the Picktree-*brag*, have been already alluded to. The former, beside its many other pranks, would, sometimes, at the dead of night, in passing through the different streets set up the most horrid and continuous shrieks in order to scare the poor girls who might happen to be out of bed. The compiler of the present sheets remembers, when very young, to have heard a respectable old woman, then a midwife at Stockton, relate, that, when, in her youthful days, she was a servant at Durham, being up late one Saturday-night, cleaning the irons in the kitchen, she heard these *skrikes*, first at a great, and then at a less, distance, till, at length, the loudest, and most horrible, that can be conceived, just at the kitchen-window, sent her up-stairs, she did not know how, where she fell into the arms of a fellow-servant, who could scarcely prevent her fainting away.

"Pioners or diggers for metal," according to Lavater, "do affirme, that, in many mines, there ap-

* The etymology of this word is, most probably, from the Saxon bupȝ, a city, and ȝaꝛc, a spirit: or, possibly, from a *bar*, or gate, in York, which was, likewise, once haunted by a goblin of this name.

peare straunge shapes and spirites, who are apparelled like unto other laborers in the pit. These wander up and down in caves and underminings, and seeme to bestuire themselves in all kinde of labour, as to digge after the veine, to carrie togither oare, to put it in baskets, and to turne the winding-whele to drawe it up, when, in very deede, they do nothing lesse. They very seldome hurte the laborers (as they say) except they provoke them by laughing and rayling at them: for then they threw gravel stones at them, or hurt them by some other means. These are especially haunting in pittes where mettall moste aboundeth*."

This is our great Miltons

——"Swart faëry of the mine†."

---

* *Of ghostes*, &c. London, 1572, 4to. p. 73. He has this from Sebastian Munster: see *Olaus Magnus*, *L.* 6, c. 10. George Agricola, however, is the original author,—whose words are "*Utut jocamur genus certè* dæmonum *in fodinis nonnullis versari compertum est;* quorum quidem nihil damni metallicis inferunt, sed in puteis vagant, videntur se exercere: nunc cavando venam, nunc ingerendo in modulos id quod effossum est, nunc machinam versando tractoriam, nunc irritando operarios, idque potissimum faciunt in his specubus è quibus multum argenti effoditur, vel magna ejus inveniendi spes est." (Bermannus, 432.) He calls this *dæmon metallicus*, in German, "*Das bergmelin.*"

† *Comus.*

" Simple foolish men imagine, I know not howe, that there be certayne elves or fairies of the earth, and tell many straunge and marvellous tales of them, which they have heard of their grandmothers and mothers, howe they have appeared unto those of the house, have done service, have rocked the cradell, and (which is a signe of good lucke) do continually tary in the house*."

Mallet, though without citing any authority, says " After all, the notion is not every where exploded that there are in the bowels of the earth fairies, or a kind of dwarfish and tiny beings, of human shape, and remarkable for their riches, their activity, and malevolence. In many countries of the north, the people are still firmly persuaded of their existence. In Ireland, at this day, the good folks shew the very rocks and hills, in which they maintain that there are swarms of these small subterraneous men, of the most tiny size, but the most delicate figures†."

Sheringham, having mentioned the gods of the Germans, adds, " Among us, truly, this superstition, and foolish credulity, among the vulgar, is not yet left off; for I know not what fables old women suggest to boys and girls about elves (with us by

* *Of ghostes, &c.* p. 49.

† *Northern Antiquities, &c.* ii, 47.

another word called fairies), by which their tender minds they so imbue, that they never depose these old-wifish ravings, but deliver them to others, and vulgarly affirm that groups of elves sometimes dance in bed-chambers, sometimes (that they may benefit the maids) scour and cleanse the pavement, and sometimes are wont to grind with a hand-mill*."

There is not a more generally received opinion, throughout the principality of Wales, than that of the existence of Fairies: amongst the commonalty it is, indeed, universal, and, by no means unfrequently, credited by the second ranks†.

* *De Anglorum origine*, p. 320. This is the observation of a gloomy and malignant mind; as the idea of a fairy could never inspire any but pleasing sensations; these little people being always distinguished for their innocent mirth, and benevolent utility. It was far otherwise, indeed, with *superstition* and *witchcraft*, which, though equally false, were nevertheless, as firmly believed; as they induced ignorance and bigotry to commit horrid crimes; but nothing of this kind is imputable to the fairies. So strongly, according to Waldron, are the Manks possessed of the belief of fairies, and so frequently do they imagine to have seen and heard them, that they are not in the least terrified at them, but, on the contrary, rejoice whenever visited by them, as supposing them friends to mankind, and that they never come without bringing good fortune along with them. They call them *the good people*, all the houses are blessed where they visit. The Scots, likewise, call them *the good neighbours*.

† Pratts *Gleanings*, &c. i, 137. He mentions a Welsh

Fairies are said, at a distant period, " to have frequented Bussers-hill in St. Marys island; but their nightly pranks, aërial gambols, and cockle-shell abodes, are now quite unknown*."

" Evil spirits, called fairies, are frequently seen in several of the isles [of Orkney], dancing, and making merry, and sometimes seen in armour†."

clergyman, who not only believes in Fairies, but is even so infatuated on the subject as to imagine they are continually in his presence, and has written a book about them.

* Heaths *Account of the islands of Scilly*, p. 129.

† Brands *Description of Orkney*, Edin. 1703, p. 61: at p. 112, is some account of a *brouny*.

Fairy Tales.

TALE I.

ELIDOR, OR THE GOLDEN BALL.

THERE befell in the parts of Gower and Swansey, in Wales, a thing not unworthy to be remembered, which Elidor, the priest, most firmly related to have happened to him. For when he already reckoned the twelfth year of puerile innocence, (because, as Solomon saith, the root of learning is bitter, and the fruit sweet,) the boy, addicted to letters, that he might avoid discipline, and the frequent stripes of his preceptor, hid himself, a fugitive, in the hollow bank of a certain river: and, when he had now lurked there two days, continually fasting, there appeared to him two little men, as it were of pygmy stature, saying: If thou wilt come with us, we will lead thee into a land full of sports and delights: he assenting, and rising up, followed them, leading the way, through a road, at first, subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, very much embel-

lished with rivers and meads, woods and plains, nevertheless obscure, and not brightened with the open light of the sun. All the days there were as if cloudy, and the nights most hideous by the absence of moon and stars. The boy was brought to the king, and presented to him before the court of the realm, and, when he had a long time beheld him, with the admiration of all, he, at length, recommending, assigned him to his son, a boy he had. Now the men were of very small stature, but, for their size, very well shaped: all yellow-haired, and with luxuriant locks flowing down their shoulders in the manner of a woman. They had horses fit for their own height, with grey-hounds conformable in size. They ate neither flesh, nor fish, using, for the most part milky food, and things made with saffron in the manner of a pudding. There were no oaths among them; for they detested nothing so much as lies. As often as they returned from the upper hemisphere, they reproached our ambitions, infidelities, and inconstancies. There was no religious worship among them openly; being only, it seemed, chief lovers and worshippers of truth. Now the boy was wont frequently to ascend to our hemisphere, sometimes by the way by which he had come, sometimes by another; at first with others, and

afterward by himself. He only committed himself to his mother, declaring to her the mode of the country, and the nature and condition of the people. Admonished, therefore, by his mother, that he would sometimes bring to her a present of the gold with which that country abounded, the golden ball with which the kings son had been accustomed to play, snatching it from him in the game, he, speedily hastening, carried to his mother, by the usual way; and, when he had now come to his fathers house, yet not without a train of that people, he hastened to enter, his foot stuck in the threshold, and so, falling within the house, where his mother was sitting, two pygmies following his foot-step, seized the ball which had fallen out of his hand, and, in going out, threw spit, contempt and derision upon the boy. He, verily, rising, and come to himself, was confounded with the wonderful shame of the deed, and, when, very much cursing and detesting the counsels of his mother, he prepared to return by the road he had been accustomed to, he came to the descent of the river, and subterraneous passage, no entrance appeared to him*.

* Girald Barry, *Itinerarium Cambriæ, à Pouclo, Londini*, 1585, 8vo. p. 129.

TALE II.

THE SILVER CUP.

THERE is a village a few miles distant from the eastern sea, near which those famous waters, they vulgarly call *Gipse*, burst out of the earth with a numerous sprinkling. From this village a certain rustic, having gone to salute a friend dwelling in a neighbouring place, returned, late at night, not perfectly sober: and, behold! from the next hill, which I have very often seen, and is two or three furlongs from the village, he heard the voices of persons singing, and, as it were, festively banqueting. Wondering who, in that place, should break the silence of the unseasonable night, he was willing to inspect this matter more curiously, and seeing, in the side of the hill, a gate open, he approached and looked within, and saw a house spacious and lightsome, and filled with people sitting, as well men as women, as it were at a solemn feast. Now

one of those ministering beholding a man standing at the door, offered to him the cup: which he, having accepted, would not, discreetly, drink of; but, pouring out the contents, and retaining the cup, hastily departed; and a tumult being made in the feast, for the taking away of the vessel, and the guests pursuing him, he escaped by the fleetness of the horse on which he was carried, and betook himself into his village with his notable booty. Finally, this vessel, of unknown material, and unusual form, was offered to Henry king of the English for a great reward, and, afterward, being delivered to the queens brother, David, that is, king of the Scots, was preserved, for a great many years in the treasury of Scotland; and before some years (as we know from veracious relation) was resigned by William king of the Scots to Henry the second, who desired to see it*.

* W. of Newbrough, *Historia rerum Anglicarum*, à Hearne, p. 95. See *Tam o'Shanter*, in Burns's *Poems*.

TALE III.

THE ANTIPODES.

In Great Britain is a castle situate among certain mountains, to which the people have given the name of *Bech*. Its wall is hardly assailable, and in the mountain the cavern of a hole, which as a pipe of the winds, most powerfully belches for the time. Whence so great a wind proceeds, people are astonished; and among a great many things, which are carried about there with admiration, I received from the most religious man, Robert prior of Renildewlt, thence sprung, that when a certain noble man William Peverell, possessed the aforesaid castle, with the adjacent barony, a man, truly, brave and powerful, and abounding in divers animals: upon a certain day his swineherd, as he was negligent about the service committed to him, lost a pregnant sow, of the kind of those which bring forth pigs, rather fruitful. Fearing, therefore, by reason of the loss the bitter words of the lords

vicar, he thought within himself, if, perchance, by any accident that sow had entered the famous hole of Bech, but until those times inscrutable. He questioned, in his mind, how he should make himself the thorough-searcher of the secret place. He entered the cavern in a time then tranquil from all wind, and when he had proceeded a long way, at length he came by chance from darkness into a lucid place, opening into a spacious plain of fields. Having entered the land widely cultivated, he found persons collecting mature fruits, and, among the standing corn, he recognized the sow, which had multiplied from herself sucking pigs. Then the swineherd, being astonished, and rejoicing at his 'recovered' loss, received the sow, and dismissed with joy, led her to the herd of swine*.

* Gervase of Tilbury, *Otia imperialia, apud Scriptores rerum Brunsvicensium*, à Leibnitz, I, 975.

TALE IV.

THE CUP-BEARER.

THERE was in the county of Gloucester a hunting forest plentiful in boars, harts, and all venison according to the manner of the English. In this woody forest was a hillock, rising into a top to the stature of a man, into which knights and other hunters were accustomed to ascend, when, fatigued with heat and thirst they sought some remedy of their urgency. But some one, alone, his companions, from the condition of the place and business, being left at a distance, ascended: and when alone, as if speaking to another, he said, I thirst; immediately, on the sudden, by his side, stood a cup-bearer, with a cheerful countenance, and a stretched-out hand, bearing a great horn, adorned with gold and precious stones, as the manner is among the most ancient English, instead of a cup, wherein was presented nectar of an unknown but most sweet taste: which being drunk,

all the heat and lassitude of his 'parched' body fled, so that he would not believe that he was fatigued, but willed to take fatigue. But, also, the nectar being taken, the attendant held out a very clean towel in order to dry his lips: and, his service being accomplished he disappeared, nor waited a reward for his kindness, or conversation for enquiry. This, in many revolutions of ancient time, was talked of among the oldest, as a thing famous and familiar. Finally, a certain hunter, a knight, for the sake of hunting came to the said place, and drink being requested, and the horn taken, he did not (as it was of custom and urbanity) restore it to the cup-bearer, but retained it to his own use. But the illustrious lord, and earl of Gloucester*, the truth of the matter being discovered, condemned the robber, and gave the horn to the elder Henry king of the English, that he might not be reputed to have been the favourer of so great a crime, if he had deposited, in his treasury, anothers rapine of domestic property†.

* Robert, that is, the natural son of king Henry I.

† Gervase of Tilbury, D. 3.

TALE V.

HUTGIN.

In these times, a certain malignant spirit, in the diocese of Hildesheim, for a long time, appeared visibly to many, in a rustic habit, his head covered with a hood, whence, also, vulgarly the peasants called him hooded, that is, *ein Hedeckin*, in the Saxon tongue. This spirit, Hutgin, did many marvels, and delighted to be with men, speaking, questioning, and answering familiarly to all, appearing, sometimes, visibly, sometimes, invisibly. He hurt no man, not being before hurt; but mindful of injury or derision, he bestowed, in his turn, shame to those bestowing it on himself. When Burcard count of Luc had been killed by count Herman of Winsenburg, and the county of Winsenburg seemed exposed to robbery, the aforesaid spirit, coming to Bernard bishop of Hildesheim, sleeping in his bed, waked him, saying: "Rise, o thou bald fellow, convoke thy army, because the county of Winsen-

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

burg, being vacant and desolate on account of homicide, thou wilt easily obtain the government." The bishop, rising, warned his knights, invaded, and obtained, the county, which to the church of Hildesheim, with the consent of the emperor, he united in perpetuity. The same spirit, likewise, without being asked, oftentimes used to advise him in many dangers. Frequently appearing in the court of the same bishop, he used to serve the cooks for the most part with sufficient diligence, and to mingle frequent discourses with them: whence, when now, from custom, made familiar, he was feared by no man, a certain boy serving in the kitchen, began to despise, laugh to scorn, and 'assail' him with bitter taunts, and, as often as he could, poured upon him the filth of the kitchen. He had often requested the master of the kitchen, that the boy should abstain from his injuries; threatening, at length, to avenge them; he was scoffed at by him, saying, "Thou art a spirit, and dost thou fear a boy?" To whom the dæmon replied: "Because thou art a boy thou despisest to amend at my petition, I, how much I fear that, will, after a few days, shew thee." These things said, the spirit departed in a passion. Not long after, when, on a certain day, after vespers, the boy, alone in the kitchen, being fatigued, slept, the spirit came, and

'having' him suffocated, cut in pieces, and, being put into the pot, began to cook him at the fire: which when the master of the kitchen had perceived, he began to curse the spirit; who, being irritated, the roast meat put on spits at the fire for the next days dinner of the bishop and courtiers, two horrible toads being thereupon squeezed, besprinkled with the poison and blood of those animals: and being again affected with bitter taunts, he precipitated him from on high, by the bridge, into a deep hole. Upon the walls of the city and castle diligently going round, in the night-time, he forced all the guards to watch. A certain man, about to go a long way, when he had an unchaste wife, as if by way of joke, said to the spirit Hutgin: "Good fellow, I commend to thee my wife till I shall return, see thou guard her:" and when, the husband being absent, the woman would employ her portion in adultery, and tempted, successively, many lovers, so that this spirit, invisibly, always interposed in the midst, and the men being thrown from the bed upon the ground, permitted no one to arrive even at the touch of that woman. So the woman, every night, and almost every hour, in the whole time, always introduced new lovers: whom, nevertheless, the spirit, as soon as they attempted to touch her, cast far off upon the ground.

At length, the husband returning, and being yet a long way from the house, the commissary spirit, joyful, met him, saying: "Thy arrival is very pleasing to me, by which I may be freed from the so unquiet labour, which thou hast imposed upon me." The husband said: "What, therefore, art thou?" "I, he said, am Hutgin, to whom, some time ago, about to depart, thou committedst thy wife to be kept. Behold, I have guarded her for thee, although with very great and continual labour, safe from adultery. But I pray thee, that thou wilt not henceforth deliver her to me to be guarded. For I had rather guard the hogs of all Saxony, than thy one very wife, she has tried, with so great frauds to circumvent me, and in so many ways, to abuse her body." This spirit did, likewise, innumerable other miracles, as well serious, as ridiculous, all which cannot be easily written, nor if they were written, would they find the belief of many. A certain idiot and simple man, a clerk, being cited to the synod, by a ring made of laurel-leaves, certain others being added, they report him, in a short time, to have rendered the most learned. At length, by the aforesaid bishop Bernard being turned out of doors by ecclesiastical censures, he was compelled to depart from the province*.

* Trithemius, *apud Wierum*, *De præstigiis dæmonum*, *Basilcæ*, 1583, 4to, p. 114.

TALE VI.

THE PIED PIPER.

THERE came into the town of Hamel, in the countrey of Brunswyc [in Saxony], an od kynd of compagnion, who, for the fantastical cote which hee wore, beeing wrought with sundry colours, was called the pyed pyper; for a pyper hee was, besydes his other qualities. This fellow forsooth, offred the townsmen, for a certain somme of mony, to rid the town of all the rattes that were in it (for, at that time, the burgers were with that vermin greatly annoyed). The accord, in fyne, beeing made, the pyed pyper, with a shril pype, went pyping through the streets, and foorthwith the rattes came all running out of the howses in great numbers after him; all which hee led unto the river of Weaser, and therein drowned them. This donne, and no one rat more perceaved to bee left in the town, he afterward came to demaund his reward, according to his bargain: but beeing told that the

bargain was not made with him in good earnest, to wit, with an opinion that ever hee could bee able to do such a feat, they cared not what they accorded unto, when they imagyned it could never be deserved, and so never to bee demaunded: but, neverthelesse, seeing hee had donne such an unlykely thing in deed, they were content to give him a good reward, and so offred him far lesse than hee lookt for; but hee, therewith discontented, said he would have his ful recompence, according to his bargain; but they utterly denying to give it him, hee threatened them with revenge; they bad him do his wurst: whereupon he betakes him again to his pype, and, going through the streets as before, was followed of a number of boyes out at one of the gates of the citie; and, coming to a litle hil, there opened in the syde thereof a wyde hole, into the which himself and all the children, beeing in number one hundredth and thirty, did enter; and beeing entred, the hil closed up again, and became as before. A boy, that, beeing lame, and came somwhat lagging behynd the rest, seeing this that hapned, returned presently back, and told what hee had seen. Foorthwith began great lamentation among the parents for their children, and men were sent out with all dilligence, both by land and by water, to enquyre yf ought could bee heard of them:

but with all the enquyrie they could possibly use, nothing more then is aforesaid could of them bee understood. In memorie whereof it was then ordayned, That from thence-foorth no drum, pype, or other instrument should bee sounded in the street leading to the gate through which they had passed; nor no osterie to bee there holden: and it was also established, that, from that tyme forward, in all publyke wrytings that should bee made in that town, after the date therein set down of the yeare of our lord, the date of the yeare of the going foorth of their children should bee added; the which they have accordingly ever since continued: and this great wonder hapned on the 22. day of July, in the yeare of our lord one thowsand three hundreth, seaventie and six*.

* Verstègans *Restitution of decayed intelligence:* Antwerp, 1605, 4to. p. 85.

TALE VII.

THE SHEPHERDS DREAM.

A SHEPHEARD, whilst his flock did feede,
him in his cloke did wrap,
Bids Patch his dog stand sentenell,
both to secure a nap,
And, lest his bagpipe, sheephooke, skrip,
and bottell (most his wealth)
By vagrants (more then, many now)
might suffer of their stealth.
As he twixt sleepe and waking lay,
against a greene banks side,
A round of Fairie-elves, and Larrs
of other kind, he spide :
Who, in their dancing, him so charm'd,
that though he wakt he slept,
Now pincht they him, antickt about,
and on, and off him lept.
Mongst them, of bigger bulke and voyce,
a bare-breecht goblin was,

That at their gamboles laughed, like
the braying of an asse.
At once the shepherds bagpipe (for
they also used it)
Was husht, and round about him they,
as if in councell, sit.
Upon whose face the breechlesse Larr
did set his buttocks bare,
Bespeaking thus his beau-compeers,
like Caiphas in his chaire.
Poore Robin Good-fellow, sweet elfs,
much thanks you for this glee,
Since last I came into this land,
a raritie to see :
When nunnes, monks, friers, and votaries,
were here of every sort,
We were accustomed, ye wot,
to this and merrier sport.
Wo worth (may our great Pan, and we
his puples say) that frier,
That by revealing Christ obscur'd
to Christ did soules retire.
For since great Pans great vicar on
the earth was disobaid
In England, I, beyond the seas,
a mal-content have staid.

Whence, by a brute of pouder that
should blow to heaven or hell
The protestants, I hither came,
where all I found too well:
And in the catholick maine cause,
small hope or rather none;
No sooner, therefore was I come,
but that I wisht me gone.
Was then a merry world with us,
when Mary wore the crowne,
And holy-water-sprinkle was
beleevd to put us downe.
Ho, ho, ho, ho, needs must I laugh,
such fooleries to name:
And at my crummed mess of milke,
each night, from maid or dame
To do their chares, as they supposd,
when in their deadest sleepe
I puld them out their beds, and made
themselves their houses sweepe.
How clatterd I amongst their pots
and pans, as dreamed they!
My *hempen hampen* sentence*, when
some tender foole would lay

* "Indeed," says Reginald Scot, "your grandams maides were woont to set a boll of milke before him [*Incubus*] and his cousine Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and you have

Me shirt or slop, them greeved, for
I then would go away.
Yee fairies too made mothers, if
weake faith, to sweare that ye
Into their beds did foist your babes,
and theirs exchang'd to be.
When yee (that elvish manners did
from elvish shapes observe)
By pinching her, that beat that child,
made child and mother swerve,
This in that erd beliefe, That, not
corrected, bad that grew·
Thus yee, I, pope, and cloysterers,
all in one teame then drew.
But all things have gone crosse with us
since here the gospell shind,
Nor helps it aught that she that it
unclowded is inshrind*.
Well, though our Romish exorcists
and regulars be outed,

also heard that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good-wife of the house, having compassion on his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him, beesides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, what have we here?

Hemton hamten,
Here will I never more tread nor stampen."

Discoverie of witchcraft, p. 85.

* Queen Elizabeth.

No lesse hypocrisie mongst some
their contraries is doubted :
And may they so persever and
so perish Robin prayes :
But too too zealous people are
too many cloy my wayes.
For that this realme is in the right,
Rome in the wrong for loore,
I must confesse, though much is else
as faultie as before.
To farmers came I, that, at least,
their lofe and cheese once freed,
For all would eate, but found themselves
the parings now to need :
So do their landlords rack their rents :
though in the mannor-place
Scarce smoakt a chimney: yet did smoke
perplex me in strange cace.
I saw the chimneys cleerd of fire,
where nerethelesse it smokt
So bitterly, as one not used
to like, it might have chokt.
But when I saw it did proceed
from nostrels, and from throtes
Of ladies, lords, and sillie groomes,
not burning skins nor cotes,

Great Belsabub, thought I, can all
spit fier as well as thine?
Or where am I? it cannot be
under the torred line.
My fellow *Incubus* (who heere
still residence did keepe,
Witnes so many dadlesse babes
begot on girles asleepe*)
Did put me by that feare, and said
it was an Indian weede,
That feum'd away more wealth than would
a many thousands feed.
Freed of that feare, the novelty
of cooches scath'd me so,
As from their drifts and cluttering
I knew not where to go.
These also worke, quoth *Incubus*,
to our availe, for why?
They tend to idle pride, and to
inhospitalitie.
With that I, comforted, did then
peepe into every one,

* Gervase of Tilbury says "*Vidimus quosdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et eum ad concubitum carum accedunt mirâ mole eas opprimunt, nec ab aliis videntur.*" Otia imperialia, D. 1, c. 17.

And of mine old acquaintances
spide many a countrie Jone,
Whose fathers drove the dung-cart, though
the daughters now will none.
I knew when prelates, and the peeres
had faire attendance on,
By gentlemen and yeomandrie,
but that faire world is gone :
For most, like Jehu, hurrie with
pedanties two or three,
Yet all go downe the winde, save those
that hospitalious bee.
Great'st ladies with their women, on
their palfries mounted faire
Rode through the streets, well waited on,
their artless faces bare,
Which now in coches scorne to be
salued of the aire.
I knew when men-judicial rode
on sober mules, whereby
They might of suters, these, and they,
aske, answere, and replie.
I knew when more was thriv'd abroad
by war than now by peace,
And English feard where they be frumpt,
since hostile tearmes did cease :
But by occasion, all things are
produced, be, decrease.

Times were when practize also preacht,
and well-said was well-done,
When courtiers cleerd the old before
they on the new would run.
When no judiciall place was bought,
lest justice might be sould,
When quirts, nor quillets, overthrew,
or long did causes hold,
When lawyers more deservd their fees,
and fatted lesse with gold.
When to the fifteenth psalme, sometimes,
had citizens recourse,
When lords of farmers, farmers of
the poore had more remorse.
When Povertie had Patience more:
when none, as some of late,
Illiterate, ridiculous,
might on the altar wate.
When canons, rubrick, liturgie,
and discipline throughout
One shiftlesse practise had, not to
indifferencie a flout.
More than be convocations now,
Diocessors were stout.
Although in clarks pluralities
were tolerated then
Of lemmens (livings should I say)
are now of clargie-men.

Pluralitie that huddle, have
also their brace of wives :
But all the better, all that while
hells heer-imployment thrives.
That thus and worse hold, and increase,
sith Rome may not returne,
Pray, fairies, graunt, infernals, that
in fire of envie burne.
I have, faire fairie-elfes, besides
large catalogue of sinne,
Observed in this land, in this
short time I heere have bin,
The which at my departure, when
Elizabeth first raign'd,
Were not in beeing, or were then
religiously refraind.
Howbeit, hence for Ireland at
the least I must transfreat :
Where Rome hath roome there riot I :
somes faith is heere too great.
Yet largelier than most statesmen know,
heere could I sport long while,
Insociable is not, ywis,
for catholics this ile.
Suppose the shepheard all this while
to have a troubled sleepe :
Well might he heare the preachment, by
the pulpit could not peepe :

Till merrie Robin, gerding out
  a scape or twaine, did rise,
And, with the wind therof, might seeme,
  were cleerd the shepherds eyes:
Who glad he was deliverd so
  of them, then vanisht cleene,
Told some, I know not whom, what ye
  have heard was said and seene*.

* Warners *Albions England*, London, 1612, 8vo. chap. 91.

TALE VIII.

NYMPHIDIA: THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,
A latter third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the fairies still,
Nor 'ever' can they have their fill
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
  Which lie from others reading;
My active muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud fairy king,
And tell there of the revelling:
  Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
  Which now I am in telling:
My pretty, light, fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
  In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no 'tempest' needs to fear,
  Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
  Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slates,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
'Says' that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell,
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which, certainly, may please some well,
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon, that jealous grew,
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night,
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often check'd,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend
Were worthy of her wearing.
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

" At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,
(Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth,
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry.
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer-hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing may be stay'd,
For naught must her be letting :
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snails fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell ;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning :
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce ;
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it :
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot ' in' a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard, there was not one,
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab, their sovereign [most] dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jil, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge 'or' ditch they spared not,
But after her they hye them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing.

By griesly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acron-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury;
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
Where is my wife, thou rogue? (quoth he),
Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me.
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, Oberon, great Fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I.
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled :
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard ;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides :
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble ;
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancho Panchas travel:
But should a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hob-goblin, and on him doth fall
With words from frenzy spoken:
Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, god save thy grace
Who dress'd thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reigns face
I would his neck were broken.

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And, leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winters nights out of the way,
And, when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone,
As 'e'er' thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me, alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggens head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her.

Quoth Puck, My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it.
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overhear'd,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with loves pow'rful'st charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid,
Fit for this revel, was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
" My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you :
The king hath sent Hob-goblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down ;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind ;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find ;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them :
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight,
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this fay, Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all into this nut, quoth she,
Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chuser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt:
So one by one therein they creept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the missletow;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain, and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarps brain mixt therewithall,
And with the same the pismires gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times 'doth leap,'
  Her magick much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
  Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog;
  Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfeu-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
  Hob, hinder thy surprising.

By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the lubricans sad moans;
By the noise of dead mens bones
  In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
  Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

By the whirlwinds hollow sound,
By the thunders dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the scritch-owls dismal note,
By the black night-ravens throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When, presently, she Puck espies,
And well she markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hob-goblins heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
  And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
  Amongst the briers and brambles.

[A] plague upon queen Mab, quoth he,
And all her maids, where'er they be;
I think the devil guided me,
  To seek her, so provoked.
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
  In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who doubted sore
  Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
  With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab, and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distrought
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding:

And, as he runs, he still doth cry,
King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear ladys honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her.

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced;
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-flys tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was [form'd] of a fishes scale,
That, when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornets sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetles head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And, for a plume, a horses hair,
Which, being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an ear-wig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin :
  Quoth he, Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
This hand his baseness shall reward
  Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, That I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And, as a mortal enemy,
  Do publickly proclaim him :
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down ;
  Nor we a king should name him.

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd,
But to the fairy court him hy'd,
  Full furiously he posted,
With every thing Pigwiggen said,
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
  And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided.

Soon flew this news through fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combate that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all fairy knew
The first occasion from her grew
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps, she wades,
To Proserpine the queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendships sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in every thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magick them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each others harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters:
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
  The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
  These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
  They every stroke redoubled,
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
  Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
  When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
  Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
  Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide;
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
  The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unites the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
  So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
  Themselves of any other.

But, when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they should release
  Each other of their peril:
Which here, quoth she, I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Plutos name,
That, as ye will eschew his blame,
  You let me hear the quarrel.

But here yourselves you must engage
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to asswage,
That first you drink this liquor ;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker.

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
' Is' all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think :
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad ;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen, likewise, doth forget,
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
  But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lock'd up,
  That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
  With one another jesting:
And to the fairy-court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
  And thus I left them feasting*.

* Draytons *Works*, 1753, p. 451.

TALE IX.

THE FAIRY-PRINCE.

THERE lived in Spain a notable and beautiful virgin, but far more famous for excellence at her needle, insomuch that happy did the courtier think himself, who could wear the smallest piece of her work, though at a price almost invaluable. It happened one day, as this admirable seamstress sate working in her garden, that, casting aside her eyes on some fair flower or tree, she saw, as she thought, a little gentleman, yet one that shewed great nobility by his clothing, come riding toward her from behind a bed of flowers; thus surprised how any body should come into her garden, but much more, at the stature of the person, who, as he was on horseback, exceeded not a foots length in height, she had reason to suspect that her eyes deceived her. But the gallant, spurring his horse up the garden, made it not long, though his horse was little, before he came to see her: then greeting the

lady in most decent manner, after some compliments passed, he acquaints her with the cause of his bold arrival; that, forasmuch as he was a prince amongst the fairies, and did intend to celebrate his marriage on such a day, he desired she would work points for him and his princess against the time he appointed. The lady consented to his demands, and he took his leave; but whether the multitude of business caused the lady to forget her promise, or the strangeness of the thing made her neglect the work, thinking her sight to have been deceived, I know not; yet so it fell out, that, when the appointed time came, the work was not ready. The hour, wherein she had promised the fairy-prince some fruits of her needle, happened to be one day as she was at dinner with many noble persons, having quite forgot her promise; when, on a sudden, casting her eye to the door, she saw an infinite train of fairies come in: so that fixing her eyes on them, and remembering how she [had] neglected her promise, she sate as one amazed, and astonished the whole company. But, at last, the train had mounted upon the table, and, as they were prancing on their horses round the brims of a large dish of white-broth, an officer that seemed too busy in making way before them, fell into the dish, which caused the lady to burst into a sudden fit of laughter,

and thereby to recover her senses. When the whole fairy company was come upon the table, that the brims of every dish seemed filled with little horsemen, she saw the prince coming toward her, [who] hearing she had not done what she promised, seemed to go away displeased. The lady presently fell into a fit of melancholy, and, being asked by her friends the cause of these alterations and astonishments, related the whole matter; but, notwithstanding all their consolations, pined away, and died not long after*.

* *Pleasant treatise of witches, &c.* London, 1673, p. 64.

TALE X.

THE SOW AND PIGS.

'Tis reported of a country girl, being sent out daily by her mother to look to a sow that was then big with pigs, that the sow always strayed out of the girls sight, and yet always came safe home at night; this the maid often observing, resolved to watch her more narrowly, and followed her one day closely, till they both came to a fair green valley, where was laid a large bason full of milk and white bread. The sow, having eaten her mess, returned home, and that night pigged eleven pigs. The good wife, rising early the next morning to look to her beast, found on the threshold of the sty ten half-crowns, and, entering in, saw but one pig; judging by these things, that the fairies had fed her sow, and bought her pigs*.

* *Ibi.* p. 62.

TALE XI.

THE CHANGELING.

A CERTAIN woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But, when, after some years, it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was 'fain' to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms; and, one day, a poor man coming to the door, [said] God bless you, mistress, and your poor child, be pleased to bestow something on a poor man. Ah! this child, replied she, is the cause of all my sorrow; and related what had happened; adding, moreover, that she thought it was changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had rendered more prudent in such matters, told her that to find out the truth, she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his

chair, that he might not fall before it; then break a dozen eggs, and place the four and twenty half-shells before it; then go out, and listen at the door, for if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more. The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say, Seven years old was I, before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk-pans before. So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry, and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air; and, coming out, found, there in the stead, her own natural and well-favoured child*.

* *Ibi.* p. 62.

TALE XII.

THE CORNISH FAIRIES.

Ann Jefferies (for that was her maiden name) of whom the following strange things are related, was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December 1626, and she is still living, 1696, being now in the 70th year of her age. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician dr. Richard Lower deceased, and now lives as hind to Sir Andrew Slanning of Devon, bart.

It is the custom in the county of Cornwall for the most substantial people of each parish, to take apprentices the poors children, and to breed them up till they attain to twenty-one years of age, and, for their service, to give them meat, drink, and clothes. This Ann Jefferies, being a poor mans child of the parish, by providence fell into our family*, where

* The authors name is Moses Pitt, who communicates

she lived several years; being a girl of a bold, daring spirit, she would venture at those difficulties and dangers that no boy would attempt.

In the year 1645 (she then being nineteen years old), she being, one day, knitting in an arbour in our garden, there came over the garden-hedge to her (as she affirmed) six persons, of a small stature, all clothed in green, which she called fairies; upon which she was so frighted, that she fell into a kind of convulsion-fit. But, when we found her in this condition, we brought her into the house; and put her to bed, and took great care of her. As soon as she recovered out of her fit, she cries out, "They are just gone out of the window; they are just gone out of the window; do you not see them?" And thus, in the height of her sickness, she would often cry out, and that with eagerness; which expressions were attributed to her distemper, supposing her light-headed.

[On her recovery she becomes very religious, goes constantly to church, and takes mighty delight in devotion, although she could not herself read. She even begins to work miracles, and, by the blessing of god, cures her old mistress's leg, which had been hurt by a fall, as she was coming

these particulars to the right reverend father in god Edward Fowler lord bishop of Gloucester, printed in 1696.

from the mill, with continued stroking of the part affected: when our author thus proceeds:]

On this, my mother demanded of her, how she came to the knowledge of her fall? She [who had been walking at the time in the gardens and orchard till the old woman came from the mill] made answer, *That half a dozen persons told her of it.* That, replied my mother, could not be, for there was none came by at that time but my neighbour, who brought me home. Ann answers again, That *that* was truth, and it was true *that half a dozen persons told her so:* For, said she, you know I went out of the house into the gardens and orchard, very unwillingly, and now I will tell you the truth of all matters and things which have befallen me.

"You know, that this my sickness and fits came very suddenly upon me, which brought me very low and weak, and have made me very simple. Now the cause of my sickness was this: I was, one day, knitting of stockings in the arbour in the garden, and there came over the garden-hedge, of a sudden, six small people, all in green clothes, which put me into such a fright, that was the cause of my great sickness: and they continue their appearance to me, never less than two at a time, nor never more than eight: they always appear

in even numbers, two, four, six, eight. When I said, often, in my sickness, *They were just gone out of the window;* it was really so, although you thought me light-headed. At this time, when I came out into the garden, they came to me, and asked me, If you had put me out of the house against my will? I told them, I was unwilling to come out of the house. Upon this, they said,—You should not fare the better for it; and thereupon, in that place, and at that time, in a fair path-way, you fell, and hurt your leg, I would not have you send for a surgeon, nor trouble yourself, for I will cure your leg:" the which she did, in a little time.

The cure of my mothers leg, and the stories she told of these fairies, made such a noise over all the county of Cornwall, as that people of all distempers came not only so far off as the Lands-end, but also from London, and were cured by her. She took no monies of them, nor any reward, that ever I knew or heard of; yet had she monies, at all times, sufficient to supply her wants. She neither made, nor bought any medicines, or salves, that ever I saw or heard of, yet wanted them not, as she had occasion. She forsook eating our victuals, and was fed by these fairies from that harvest-time to the next Christmas-day; upon

which day she came to our table, and said, Because it was that day, she would eat some roast beef with us: the which she did, I myself being then at table.

One time (I remember it perfectly well) I had a mind to speak with her, and not knowing better where to find her than in her chamber, I went thither, and fell a knocking very earnestly, at her chamber-door, with my foot, and calling to her earnestly, Ann, Ann, open the door, and let me in. She answered me, Have a little patience, and I will let you in immediately. Upon which, I looked through the key-hole of the door, and I saw her eating; and when she had done eating, she stood still by her bed-side, as long as thanks to god might be given, and then she made a courtesy (or bow), and opened the chamber-door, and gave me a piece of her bread, which I did eat; and, I think, it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before, or since.

[She could, also, render herself invisible, of which he relates an instance; and then proceeds:]

One day, these fairies gave my sister Mary (the now wife of Mr. Humphry Martyn) then about four years of age, a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, and she did bring it my mother; but my mother would

not accept of it, but bid her carry it to them again, which she did. I presume this was the time my sister owns she saw the fairies.....

I have seen Ann, in the orchard, dancing among the trees; and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies.

The great noise of the many strange cures Ann did, and also her living without eating our victuals (she being fed, as she said, by these fairies) caused both the neighbouring magistrates and ministers to resort to my fathers house, and talk with her, and strictly examine her, about the matters here related; and she gave them very rational answers to all those questions they then asked her (for by this time she was well recovered out of her sickness and fits, and her natural parts, and understanding much improved); my father, and all his family, affirming the truth of all we saw. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her, they were evil spirits which resorted to her, and that it was the delusion of the devil, and advised her not to go to them, when they called her. Upon these admonitions of the ministers and magistrates, our Ann was not a little troubled. However, that night, my father, with his family, sitting at a great fire in his hall, Ann being also present, she spake to my father, and said, Now they call (meaning

the fairies): we all of us urged her not to go. In less than half a quarter of an hour, she said, Now they call a second time. We encouraged her again, not to go to them. By-and-by she said, Now they call a third time: upon which, away to her chamber she went to them (of all these three calls of the fairies none heard them but Ann). After she had been in her chamber some time, she came to us again with a bible in her hand, and tells us, that, when she came to the fairies, they said to her, What! has there been some magistrates and ministers with you, and dissuaded you from coming any more to us, saying, we are evil spirits, and that it was all the delusion of the devil? Pray desire them to read that place of scripture in the 1st epistle of St. John, chap. 4, ver. 1. "Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of god, &c." This place of scripture was turned down to in the said bible.

After this, one John Tregeagle esq. (who was steward to the late John earl of Radnor) being then a justice of peace in Cornwall, sent his warrant for Ann, and sent her to Bodmin jail, and there kept her a long time. That day the constable came to execute his warrant, Ann milking the cows, the fairies appeared to her, and

told her, That a constable would come that day, with a warrant, for to carry her before a justice of peace, and she would be sent to jail. She asked them, if she should hide herself? They answered her, No: she should fear nothing, but go with the constable. So she went with the constable to the justice, and he sent her to Bodmin jail, and ordered the prison-keeper that she should be kept without victuals; and she was so kept, and yet she lived, and that without complaining.... But poor Ann lay in jail for a considerable time after; and also justice Tregeagle, who was her great persecutor, kept her in his house some time, as a prisoner, and that without victuals: and, at last, when Ann was discharged out of prison, the justices made an order, that Ann should not live any more with my father. Whereupon, my fathers only sister, Mrs. Frances Tom, a widow, near Padstow, took Ann into her family, and there she lived a considerable time, and did many great cures: and from thence she went to live with her own brother; and, in process of time, married, as aforesaid*.

Here ends this singular narrative, which atheists

* Morgans *Phœnix Britannicus*: London, 1732, 4to. p. 545.

and infidels will, doubtless, be inclined to ridicule, and accuse of falsehood and imposture; the facts, however, are so fairly represented, and so authentically proved, that no pious Christian, who sincerely believes the gospel, can hesitate, for a moment, to admit its veracity.

TALE XIII.

THE WHITE POWDER.

There was a poor illiterate man in Germany, who, being apprehended for suspicion of witchcraft, and examined by a judge, told him, That one night, before day was gone, as he was going home from his labour, being very sad and full of heavy thoughts, not knowing how to get meat and drink for his wife and children, he met a fair woman, in fine clothes, who asked him why he was so sad, and he told her that it was by reason of his poverty, to which she said, that, if he would follow her counsel, she would help him to that which would serve to get him a good living; to which he said he would consent with all his heart, so it were not by unlawful ways: she told him that it should not be by any such ways, but by doing of good, and curing of sick people; and so, warning him, strictly,

to meet her there, the next night, at the same time, she departed from him, and he went home. The next night, at the time appointed, he duly waited, and she (according to promise) came and told him it was well that he came so duly, otherwise he had missed of that benefit that she intended to do unto him, and so bade him follow her, and not be afraid. Thereupon she led him to a little hill, and came to a fair hall, wherein was a queen sitting in great state, and many people about her, and the gentlewoman that brought him presented him to the queen, and she said, he was welcome, and bid the gentlewoman give him some of the white powder, and teach him how to use it; which she did, and gave him a little wood-box full of the white powder, and bad him give two or three grains of it to any that were sick, and it would heal them, and so she brought him forth of the hill, and so they parted. Being asked by the judge, whether the place within the hill, which he called a hall, were light or dark, he answered, "Indifferent, as it is with us in the twilight;" and, being asked how he got more powder, he said, "When he wanted he went to that hill, and knocked three times, and said every time, I am coming, I am coming; whereupon it opened, and he, going in, was conducted

by the aforesaid woman to the queen, and so had more powder given him *.

* Hothams epistle to the *Mysterium magnum* of Jacob Behmen, upon *Genesis*, as quoted in Websters *Displaying of supposed witchcraft:* London, 1677, fo. p. 300.

TALE XIV.

THE MAUTHE DOOG.

The Manks say, that an apparition, called in their language, the *Mauthe doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in the presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt, and, for that reason, forbore swearing and all prophane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when al together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it: it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock

the gates of the castle, at a certain hour, and carry them to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through a church; they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accompany him that went first, and, by this means, no man would be exposed singly to the danger: for the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look to this place as its peculiar residence.

One night a fellow, being drunk, and, by the strength of the liquor, rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that [the] *Mauthe doog* would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer return-

ing, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only, that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common to a natural death.

The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since, and I HEARD IT ATTESTED by several, but especially, BY AN OLD SOLDIER, who assured me, HE HAD SEEN IT OFTENER THAN HE HAD THEN HAIRS ON HIS HEAD *.

* Waldrons *History of the Isle of Man:* 2d edition: London, 1744, 8vo. p. 23.

TALE XV.

A FAIRY FEAST.

A MANKS-MAN, who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and, not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where was a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces which he thought he had formerly seen, but forbore taking any notice [of them] or they of him, till the little people offering him drink, one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat, and forbad him, whatever he did, to taste any thing he saw before him; for, if you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family. The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction: accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity

to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after, the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand; and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day, and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup: to which the parson replied he could not do better than to devote it to the service of the church; and this very cup, they say, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh*.

* Waldron, *as before*, p. 54. This tale, however, seems no other than a slight alteration of *The silver cup*, already inserted.

TALE XVI.

THE UNFORTUNATE FIDDLER.

A FIDDLER, in the Isle of Man, having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler; he found he had entered into the devils service, and looked on himself as already damned; but, having recourse to a clergyman, he received some hope: he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called; but that, whatever tunes should be called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess; but, punctually obeying the ministers directions, the company to whom he played

were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when, or from what hand, he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty*.

* Waldron, *as before*, p. 56.

TALE XVII.

THE FAIRY-ELF.

I was prevailed upon, says Waldron, to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings, and, indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight: nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seeming healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint: his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infants of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke nor cried; eat scarce any thing; and was very seldom seen to smile; but, if any one called him *a fairy-elf*, he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or, at least, his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went

out a charing, and left him a whole day together: the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved when alone; which whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that, if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety*.

* Idem, *ut supra*, p. 57.

TALE XVIII.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

A SECOND account of this nature, he says, I had from a woman to whose offspring the fairies seemed to have taken a particular fancy. The fourth or fifth night after she was delivered of her first child, the family was alarmed with a most terrible cry of fire; on which, every body ran out of the house to see whence it proceeded, not excepting the nurse, who, being as much frighted as the others, made one of the number. The poor woman lay trembling in her bed, alone, unable to help herself, and her back being turned to the infant, saw not that it was taken away by an invisible hand. Those who had left her, having inquired in the neighbourhood, and finding there was no cause for the outcry they had heard, laughed at each other for the mistake; but, as they were going to reenter the house, the poor babe lay on the threshold, and by its cries preserved itself

from being trod upon. This exceedingly amazed all that saw it; and, the mother being still in bed, they could ascribe no reason for finding it there; but having been removed by fairies, who, by their sudden return, had been prevented from carrying it any farther*.

About a year after, he says, the same woman was brought to bed of a second child, which had not been born many nights, before a great noise was heard in the house where they keep their cattle. Every body that was stirring ran to see what was the matter, believing that the cows had got loose: the nurse was as ready as the rest; but finding all safe, and the barn-door close, immediately returned, but not so suddenly but that the new-born babe was taken out of the bed, as the former had been, and dropped, on their coming, in the middle of the entry. This was enough to prove the fairies had made a second attempt; and the parents, sending for a minister, joined with him in thanksgiving to god, who had twice delivered their children from being taken from them†.

But, in the time of her third delivery, every body seemed to have forgot what had happened in

* Idem, *u. s.* p. 58. † Idem, *u. s.* p. 59.

the first and second, and on a noise in the cattle-house, ran out to know what had occasioned it. The nurse was the only person, excepting the woman in the straw, who stayed in the house, nor was she detained through care, or want of curiosity, but by the bonds of sleep, having drunk a little too plentifully the preceding day. The mother, who was broad awake, saw her child lifted out of the bed, and carried out of the chamber, though she could not see any person touch it; on which she cried out as loud as she could, Nurse! nurse! my child! my child is taken away! but the old woman was too fast [asleep] to be awakened by the noise she made, and the infant was irretrievably gone. When her husband, and those who had accompanied him, returned, they found her wringing her hands, and uttering the most piteous lamentations for the loss of her child; on which, said the husband, looking into the bed, The woman is mad; do not you see the child lies by you? On which she turned, and saw, indeed, something like a child, but far different from her own, which was a very beautiful, fat, well-featured babe; whereas, what was now in the room of it was a poor, lean, withered, deformed creature. It lay quite naked, but the clothes belonging to the child that was exchanged for it lay wrapt up altogether on the bed.

This creature lived with them near the space of nine years, in all which time it eat nothing except a few herbs, nor was ever seen to void any other excrement than water: it neither spoke, nor could stand or go, but seemed enervate in every joint; and in all its actions showed itself to be of the same nature*.

* Idem, *u. s.* p. 60.

TALE XIX.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

In Eden-hall, in Cumberland, the mansion of the knightly family of Musgrave for many generations, is carefully preserved, in a leathern case, an old painted drinking-glass, which, according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, was long ago left by fairies near a well not far from the house, with an inscription along with it to this effect:

> If this glass do break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden-hall.

From this friendly caution the glass obtained the name recorded in a humorous and excellent ballad, usually, but erroneously attributed to the duke of Wharton, of a famous drinking match at this place, which begins thus:

> God prosper long from being broke,
> *The luck of Eden-hall.*

The good-fortune, however, of this ancient house

was never so much endangered as by the duke himself, who, having drunk its contents, to the success and perpetuity, no doubt, of the worthy owner and his race, inadvertently dropped it, and here, most certainly, would have terminated *The luck of Eden-hall,* if the butler, who had brought the draught, and stood at his elbow, to receive the empty cup, had not happily caught it in his napkin.

TALE XX.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

Give me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the mornings pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.
Sure some disaster has befel:
Speak, nurse; I hope the boy is well.
Dear madam, think me not to blame;
Invisible the fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the fathers mouth and nose?
The mothers eyes, as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature.

The woman's blind, the mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.
Lord! madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the fairy hath been here.
Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradles top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
Whence sprung the vain, conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who 'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed*.

* Gays *Fables.*

TALE XXI.

THE WHIPPING OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

A GIRL, about ten years old, daughter of a woman who lived about two miles from Ballasalli, in the Isle of Man, being sent over the fields to the town, for a pennyworth of tobacco for her father, was, on the top of a mountain, surrounded by a great number of little men, who would not suffer her to pass any farther. Some of them said she should go with them, and accordingly laid hold of her; but one, seeming more pitiful, desired they would let her alone; which they refusing, there ensued a quarrel, and the person who took her part fought bravely in her defence. This so incensed the others, that, to be revenged on her, for being the cause, two or three of them seized her, and, pulling up her clothes, whipped her heartily; after which, it seems, they had no further power over her, and she ran home directly, telling what had befallen her, and showing prints of several small

hands. Several of the towns-people went with her to the mountain, and, she conducting them to the spot, the little antagonists were gone, but had left behind them proofs (as the good woman said) that what the girl had informed them was true; for there was a great deal of blood to be seen on the stones*.

* Waldron, *u. s.* p. 62.

TALE XXII.

THE CHRISTENING.

ANOTHER woman, equally superstitious and fanciful as the former, told the author that, being great with child, and expecting every moment the good hour, as she lay awake one night in her bed, she saw seven or eight little women come into her chamber, one of whom had an infant in her arms: they were followed by a man of the same size with themselves, but in the habit of a minister. One of them went to the pail, and finding no water in it, cried out to the others, What must they do to christen the child? On which they replied, it should be done in beer. With that, the seeming parson took the child in his arms, and performed the ceremony of baptism, dipping his hand in a great tub of strong-beer, which the woman had brewed the day before, to be ready for her lying-in. She told me, that they baptized the infant by the name of Joan, which made her know she was

pregnant of a girl, as it proved a few days after, when she was delivered. She added also, that it was common for the fairies to make a mock-christening when any person was near her time, and that, according to what child, male or female, they brought, such should the woman bring into the world*.

* Idem, *u. s.* p. 63.

TALE XXIII.

THE HORN.

A YOUNG sailor, coming off a long voyage, though it was late at night, chose to land rather than lie another night in the vessel: being permitted to do so, he was set on shore at Duglas. It happened to be a fine moon-light night, and very dry, being a small frost; he, therefore, forbore going into any house to refresh himself, but made the best of his way to the house of a sister he had at Kirk-Merlugh. As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of horses, the halloo of a huntsman, and the finest horn in the world. He was a little surprised that any body pursued those kind of sports in the night, but he had not time for much reflection before they all passed by him, so near, that he was able to count what number there was of them, which, he said, was thirteen, and that they were all dressed in green, and gallantly mounted. He

was so well pleased with the sight, that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them; he crossed the foot-way, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the horn for some miles. At length, being arrived at his sisters, he tells her the story, who, presently, clapped her hands for joy that he was come home safe; For, said she, those you saw were fairies, and 'tis well they did not take you away with them*.

* Idem, *u. s.* p 64.

TALE XXIV.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS.

At my first coming into the island of Man, says Waldron, and hearing this sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprised, when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgement. Among this number, was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed, with the most solemn asseverations, that, being of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures, playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom, a few yards distance, he imagined were school-boys, and intended, when he came near enough, to reprimand, for being absent from their exercises at that time

of the day; it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock: but, when he approached as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all, immediately, disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field, without hedge or bush, and, as is said before, broad day*.

* Idem, *u. s.* p. 66.

TALE XXV.

THE BARGAIN.

Another instance, which might serve to strengthen the credit of the last, was told to Waldron by a person who had the reputation of the utmost integrity. This man, being desirous of disposing of a horse he had, at that time, no great occasion for, and riding him to market for that purpose, was accosted, in passing over the mountains, by a little man in a plain dress, who asked him if he would sell his horse. 'Tis the design I am going on, replied the person who told the story: on which the other desired to know the price. Eight pounds, said he. No, resumed the purchaser, I will give no more than seven; which if you will take, here is your money. The owner, thinking he had bid pretty fair, agreed with him, and, the money being told out, the one dismounted, and the other got on the back of the horse, which he had no sooner done, than both beast and rider

sunk into the earth, immediately, leaving the person who had made the bargain in the utmost terror and confusion. As soon as he had a little recovered himself, he went directly to the parson of the parish, and related what had passed, desiring he would give his opinion whether he ought to make use of the money he had received, or not: To which he replied, that as he had made a fair bargain, and no way circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent the buyer, he saw no reason to believe, in case it was an evil spirit, it could have any power over him. On this assurance, he went home well satisfied, and nothing afterward happened to give him any disquiet concerning this affair *.

* Idem, *u. s.* p. 67.

TALE XXVI.

FAIRY-MUSIC.

An English gentleman, the particular friend of our author, to whom he told the story, was about passing over Duglas-bridge before it was broken down; but, the tide being high, he was obliged to take the river; having an excellent horse under him, and one accustomed to swim. As he was in the middle of it, he heard, or imagined he heard, the finest symphony, he would not say in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horse was no less sensible of the harmony than himself, and kept in an immoveable posture all the time it lasted; which, he said, could not be less than three quarters of an hour, according to the most exact calculation he could make, when he arrived at the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming. He, who

before laughed at all the stories told of fairies, now became a convert, and believed as much as ever a Manks-man of them all*.

* Waldron, *as before*, p. 72. A little beyond a hole in the earth, just at the foot of a mountain, about a league and a half from Barool, which they call *The Devils den*, "is a small lake, in the midst of which is a large stone, on which, formerly, stood a cross: round this lake the fairies are said to celebrate the obsequies of any good person; and I have heard many people, and those of a considerable share of understanding too, protest, that, in passing that way, they have been saluted with the sound of such musick, as could proceed from no earthly instruments." p. 137.

TALE XXVII.

THE PORRIDGE-POT.

In the vestry of Frensham church in Surrey, on the north side of the chancel, is an extraordinary great kettle or caldron, which the inhabitants say, by tradition, was brought hither by the fairies, time out of mind, from Borough-hill, about a mile hence. To this place if any one went to borrow a yoke of oxen, money, *&c.* he might have it for a year or longer, so he kept his word to return it. There is a cave, where some have fancied to hear music. On this Borough-hill (in the same parish) is a great stone lying along, of the length of about six feet. They went to this stone, and knocked at it, and declared what they would borrow, and when they would repay, and a voice would answer, when they should come, and that they should find what they desired to borrow at that stone. This caldron,

with the trivet, was borrowed here after the manner aforesaid, but not returned according to promise; and, though the caldron was afterward carried to the stone, it could not be received, and ever since that time, no borrowing there *.

* Aubreys *Natural history of Surrey*, iii. 366.

TALE XXVIII.

[THE WELSH FAIRIES.]

One D. Harding, about twenty years ago, in Lanbistan parish, saw a circle upon the snow, and in it, as it were, the track of hundreds of children in little pump-shoes. It was near a way, said to be haunted, or where people were usually disturbed, in going to and coming from Knighton-market, or at other times at night*.

* From a Welsh MS.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

TALE XXIX.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit. VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabrick stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies,
Each walk, with robes of various dies bespread,
Sees from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.
Here Englands daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,

Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswicks cause deny'd,
And charm a people to her fathers side.
Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners waved in British air,
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
A prince of Albions lineage graced the wood,
The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers blood.
You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguish for anothers pains
Ere heaved your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.
That hollow space, where, now, in living rows,
Line above line the yews sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planters hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude, unfashion'd cave;
The landscape, now so sweet, we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,

Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers were crown'd.
Where, in the midst, those verdant pillars spring,
Rose the proud palace of the elfin king.
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years, a crowded street was seen,
Not all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.
What urged this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion ruled the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danced in every shade.
But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight
In dells and dales, conceal'd from human sight:
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock;
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak;
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulged their mirth,
And pitied the huge wretched sons of earth.
Even now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain;
They to their cells at mans approach repair,
Like the shy leveret, or the mother-hare,

The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.
Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the loved seat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
Their monarchs will and great behests obey'd.
From Thames fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd *:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight, and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powells dazzling stage display'd
Hath famed king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendour of the fairy race.
By magick fenced, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal entered, those alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matrons bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.
It chanced a youth of Albions royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.

* This is calumny; the fairies were always liberal, never unjust: the only things they ever stole were *children*, as represented below.

Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms, and many a mystick sound.
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observed the infant Albion where he lay.
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from his sleeping mothers side.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah wretched nymph! to future evils blind.
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shall like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay-robed fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fired to love
Each nymph and little dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spared not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
And to the elfin standard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daisys root,

Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
His lofty port his human birth confess'd,
A foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toss the rushy lance?
Who move so graceful in the mazy dance?
A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
What elf could boast? or such a flow of hair?
Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heiress to this empires potent lord,
Praised like the stars, and next the moon adored,
She, whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,
In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
And pined in secret for a mortal boy.
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgins love.
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chased the hornet in his mid-day flight
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!

He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch
hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read:
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred!)
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers distinguish'd, and described their
use:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid, *There 's no herb for love.*
As when a ghost, enlarged from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
The poor shade shivering stands, and must not
break
His painful silence, till the mortal speak;
So fared it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
And spared the blushes of the tongue-tyed dame.
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore;
In words so melting, that compared with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaus
Would sound like compliments from country
clowns,
To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun
gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue,
A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;
'Twas here, one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulips ample shade
Sate the young lover, and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept, ah luckless pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the suns noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kennas breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul express'd:
"All things are hush'd. The suns meridian rays
Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze;
Nor moon nor star in heavens blue arch is seen,
With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take
Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
A world to me, a multitude in one.
Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,
When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!
Straight as the pink, that towers so high in air,
Soft as the blue-bell, as the daisy, fair!
Bless'd be the hour, when first I was convey'd
An infant captive to this blissful shade!
And bless'd the hand that did my form refine,
And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!

Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
And all the giant daughters of the earth.
Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
So from us two, combined by nuptial ties,
A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.
Oh speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
And sweetly swear my rising fears away."
To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:
" By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,
May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flowers,
And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.
Confined whole ages in a hemlock shade,
There rather pine I a neglected maid;
Or worse, exiled from Cynthias gentle rays,
Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,
Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."
She ended: and with lips of rosy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,

Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A sun-flowers trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)
The monarch issued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
Nor spake; but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
For Kennas sudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combined,
And faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
To love and praise can generous souls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.
Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.
Where now the skies high Holland-house invades
And short-lived Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produced their store,
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore,

So loved thy name, that, at their monarchs choice,
All Fairy shouted with a general voice.
Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd,
That from his bosom heaved the golden vest.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heaven had changed,
Beneath his banners half the fairies ranged.
Mean-while driven back to earth, a lonely way
The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choked with brakes and thorns,
Ill-measured by ten thousand barley-corns.
Tired out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a spreading stream, though, now, its fame
Obscured, it bears the creeks inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,
A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystals verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd:
"If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
Through all your grottos waft my plaintive sound,
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,
To grace his offspring and assert my birth."
He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lovers care,
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.
Roused at the news the seas stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore,
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the fav'rite boy commends.
As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
Driven up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pygmy legions spread,
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albions name the host she fires,
And counts the oceans god among his sires;

" The oceans god, by whom shall be o'erthrown
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
See here, beneath a toadstools deadly gloom
Lies Albion : him the fates your leader doom.
Hear and obey ; 'tis Neptunes powerful call,
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall."

She said. They bow'd : and on their shields upbore,
With shouts, their new-saluted emperor.
Even Oriel smiled : at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortunes play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely bless'd,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!
His thick embattled troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide ;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy muse, great bard*, whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the pygmies and the cranes !
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.
But simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that soothed my infant years, impart,

* Mr. Addison.

The tale I hear'd whole winter-eves, untired,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspired.
Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,
Dipp'd in all colours of the heavenly bow,
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.
Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,
In Albions power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seized on Kennas charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in prospect near,
But fenced with arms, the hostile towers appear,
For Oberon, or druids falsely sing,
Wore his prime visor in a magic ring.
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright,
With beating bosoms, waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albions soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess!
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant: and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.
Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart:
'Twas feather'd from the bees transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornets sting;
But toss'd in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierced the ground.
Not so Azuriels: with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold shield and silken vest,
And lightly rased the lovers ivory breast.

Roused at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,
And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.
His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er.
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of Chinas purest mold,
With azure varnish'd, and bedropp'd with gold,
Though broke, if cured by some nice virgins hands,
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;
The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffees sable waves:
So did Azuriels arm, if fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plunged the cursed sabre in his hearts warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milhah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies:

" Oh Kenna, Kenna," thrice he try'd to say
" Kenna, farewell :" and sigh'd his soul away.
His fall the dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
By sister naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptunes secret realms convey'd,
Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The seas great sire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly car;
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwinds roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destined shore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Bromptons grove one ample stride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
Where choked in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners stood combined.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he pass'd,
And on their town his eye vindictive cast.

Its deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung;
Aghast the legions, in th' approaching shade,
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
That downward tumbling on the host below
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albions ghost.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,
And such the downfall of the fairy state.
This dale, a pleasing region, not unbless'd,
This dale possess'd they; and had still possess'd
Had not their monarch, with a fathers pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
The solemn vows, and sacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves so brightly danced the round,
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole summers day.
At length awaked (for what can long restrain
Unbody'd spirits?) but awaked in pain:

And as he saw the desolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire stood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long possession of a thousand years.
Through bush, through brake, through groves, and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And stopp'd and started at each rustling wind.
Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands,
Disperse and wander into different lands,
Part did beneath the Peaks deep caverns lie,
In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
Part on fair Avons margin seek repose,*
Whose stream o'er Britains midmost region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
And some on mountains choose their airy seat.

* "Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal thy Shakspeare would dream:
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head."
GARRICK.

There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while sad Kenna loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
Try'd every art (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
What could she do? the Fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the same old Homer tells
Ulysses bore to rival Circes spells):*
Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light,
A stem that bends with flowerets milky white,
Holy the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little shape by magic power
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower,
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smiled,
To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop stiled.
The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears be-dew'd,

* *Odys.* B. 10.

Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow
And glories in the vegetable snow,
Which now increased through wide Britannias plains,
Its parents warmth and spotless name retains;
First leader of the flowery race aspires,
And foremost catches the suns genial fires,
'Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.
Deserted now of all the pygmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accursed the mark of Neptunes rage;
'Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade
Thence sacred to Britannias monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-robed nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name).
Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine
With nymphs and heros of her lovers line.
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.

To far-famed Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsmans head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landskip in a morning dream.
With the sweet view the sire of gardens fired,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspired,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square.
With a sad pleasure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realm survey'd;
How changed, how fall'n from its primæval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthias rays;
Pleased in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albions kinsmen reign.*

* By Thomas Tickell.

Fairy Songs.

SONG I.

TITANIAS LULLABY.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
  Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
  Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

  Philomel, with melody,
  Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here,
  Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

  Philomel, with melody, &c.

SONG II.

IMITATION.

Lo ! here, beneath this hallow'd shade,
Within a cowslips blossom deep,
The lovely queen of elves is laid,
May nought disturb her balmy sleep !

Let not the snake, or baleful toad,
Approach the silent mansion near,
Or newt profane the sweet abode,
Or owl repeat her orgies here !

No snail or worm shall hither come,
With noxious filth her bow'r to stain ;
Hence be the beetles sullen hum,
And spiders disembowel'd train !

The love-lorn nightingale alone
Shall through Titanias arbour stray,
To soothe her sleep with melting moan,
And lull her with his sweetest lay.

SONG III.

PUCKS NIGHT ADDRESS.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

Now the haughty lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
  All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
  Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
  In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
  In the church-way path, to glide.

And we fairys, that do run,
By the triple Hecates team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door*.

* *Midsummer-nights Dream.*

SONG IV.

QUEEN MABS INVITATION.

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab your queen:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy-ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;

Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushrooms head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And, if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,

The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

SONG V.

THE PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

From Oberon, in fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here;
What revel-rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minutes space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon:
There's not a hag,
Nor ghost shall wag,

Nor cry, Goblin! where I do go;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And fear them home, with ho, ho, ho!

If any wanderers I meet,
That from their night-sport do trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And cause them on with me to roam;
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
O'er bush and brier, with them I go,
I call upon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whinny laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cates, and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I f—t and snort,
And out the candles I do blow;
The maids I kiss;
They shriek—who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool;
And, while they sleep, snort, f—t, and fease,
With wheel to thread their flax I pull;
I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
And from the bed the bed-clothes I
Pull off, and lay them nak'd to view;

'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the 'clay-cold' floor them throw,
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire:
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinching, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie,
To make debate, and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly,
I mark their glose,
And it disclose
To them that they have wronged so;
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses fet
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But, when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells, and gills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And, to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies:
When larks 'gin sing
Away we fling,
And babes new-born steal as we go,
An elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlins time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow:
Fiends ghosts and sprites,
That haunt the nights,

The hags and goblins, do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told;
So *vale, vale!* ho, ho, ho!

SONG VI.

THE FAIRYS FAREWELL.

Farewell rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foul sluts in dairies,
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have changed your land:
And all your children stol'n from thence
Are now grown puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth,
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain ;
Were footed in queen Marys days
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession ;
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas ! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else to take their ease.

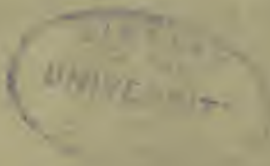
A tell-tale in their company,
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such black and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your chear
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle:

For all the fairies evidence
Were lost if it were addle.*

* By Richard Corbet, afterwards bishop of Oxford and Norwich, who died in 1635. Posterity would have been much more indebted to this witty prelate for a few of gaffer Churnes fairy-tales than for all the sermons his lordship ever wrote.



THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

Lately Published, in crown 8vo.

I.

THE LIFE OF KING ARTHUR.

From ancient Historians and authentic Documents.

II.

MEMOIRS OF THE CELTS, OR GAULS.

III.

ANNALS OF THE CALEDONIANS,

PICTS AND SCOTS; AND OF STRATH-CLYDE, CUMBERLAND, GALLOWAY, AND MURRAY.

2 vols.

IV.

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS,

FROM THE REIGN OF KING HENRY THE SECOND, TO THE REVOLUTION.

Second edition, with additions. 2 vols.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY [illegible]

AND W. PICKERING.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below,
or on the date to which renewed. Renewals only:
Tel. No. 642-3405
Renewals may be made 4 days prior to date due.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD DEC 1972 -4 PM 98

LD21A–40m-3,'72
(Q1173s10)476–A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

MAY 21 1983

LD 21A–50m-9,'58
(6889s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

15M-7-65LM

TE 20005

LIBRARY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
THIS BOOK IS DUE BEFORE CLOSING TIME
ON LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

LIBRARY USE JUN 1971
LIBRARY USE JUN 8 1971
REC'D LD JUN 8 71 -5PM

LD 62A-30m-2,'69
(J6534s10)9412A—A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley